

The Listener

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Carving on the ruined temple of Angkor Wat, Cambodia (see 'Angkor: City of the Jungle', by Michael Sullivan, page 653)

In this number:

Western Germany's Dilemma (Bickham Sweet-Escott)

The Novelist's Craft (Elizabeth Bowen)

Marriage, Real and Legal (G. B. Bentley)

Working for the Nation's children No. 2

"No wonder she wouldn't go to school!"



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The Listener

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Western Germany's Dilemma

By BICKHAM SWEET-ESCOTT

THE reorganisation of Dr. Adenauer's Cabinet announced last week seems to me significant. So is his declaration that Western Germany would not be able to provide Nato with the contribution it had promised.

Since his overwhelming victory at the polls just three years ago, there is no doubt that Adenauer's political strength has steadily increased, though his personal standing in Germany is still remarkably high. The Government he headed after the general elections was a Coalition Government, and over the years it has continued to lose many of its constituent members. The first piece of loadshedding came in 1954 when the Refugee Party left the Coalition. The next important move was the defection of most of the Free Democrat Party last February. Their departure left a minority of the Free Democrats still loyal to Dr. Adenauer. Ten days ago, for no very obvious reason, four of the loyal Free Democrats who had remained in the Cabinet offered their resignations. Two of them have now definitely resigned and they have been followed by Herr Blank, the Minister of Defence.

Except for the departure of Herr Blank, these personal changes do not seem to be in themselves of any great importance. It is the gradual thinning away of the Coalition which seems to be important, because it surely indicates dissatisfaction with Adenauer's Government. Adenauer is now well over eighty years of age, and it has to face another general election next year. It is beginning to look as if the Western Germans might reject him and what he stands for when the elections come round.

If the Western Germans really are dissatisfied with the Adenauer regime, it certainly cannot be because of the country's economic

position. Germany emerged from the war with its industries and its railways and most of its great towns completely smashed. In 1948 the currency was reformed, and those who had savings lost almost everything. The country was split in two by the artificial line drawn at Potsdam, and Western Germany had to begin from scratch to form itself into a workable economic unit. On top of this she has had to absorb into her economy a steady stream of refugees, whose number runs into several millions.

It is a proof of the astonishing vitality of the German race that the country should have made such progress in the last few years that they are now providing us with serious competition in world markets. It is true that up to the present Western Germany has not been burdened, as we have in this country, with the vast expense of rearmament, though she has had to make her contribution to the cost of the troops the West maintains in her country. All the same, it is a remarkable achievement that in those eight years she should have accumulated a gold and dollar reserve a good deal bigger than that of the whole of the sterling area put together.

Much of this remarkable progress no doubt is due to the influx of labour in the shape of the refugees. This abundance of labour has forced wage restraint upon the German worker, and in any case there is the simple fact that Germans like work. But, whatever the reason, Dr. Adenauer's Government can hardly be blamed for the successes which all this hard work has won for his country. On the contrary, there is some reason to think Dr. Adenauer has not always seen eye to eye with those whose function it is to control Germany's economy. A few months ago, for instance, there were signs that prices were about to rise. Dr. Vocke, the head of

the German Central Bank, immediately increased the Bank rate, which put an end to the rise of prices, so some weeks back he was able to bring the Bank rate down again.

But when he put it up, Dr. Vocke was bitterly criticised in public by Dr. Adenauer for not consulting the Government. Germany has twice in the last generation suffered from the appalling monetary instability which follows a major war, and the memory of the inflation of 1923 and the currency reform of 1948 makes the German public exceedingly sensitive to increases in prices and the fear of another inflation, just as in this country our experiences in the 'thirties have made us exceedingly sensitive to anything which we fear might throw people out of work. But I do not think Adenauer has lost face because of this incident, and it certainly does not explain to my mind why there should be any dissatisfaction with his Government.

'Only Political Objective' of the Average German

The real reason is much more likely to be the failure of Dr. Adenauer to reunify the two Germanys. When I was last in Hamburg a few months ago, the town was covered with large pictures of Dr. Adenauer bearing the slogan: 'The man who gives you stable government, and will give you reunification'. I am absolutely convinced that reunification is the only political objective the average German has any interest in. This is not surprising. How would we like it if a line had been drawn between the Severn and the Trent, and those of us who live south of the line could have practically no communication with those who live north of it? Above all, German public opinion has been dominated for centuries by a dream as old as Charlemagne—that all the German-speaking peoples might one day be united—and this idea of German unity has a mystical and almost sacred significance for them. In Bismarck's time, and again in Hitler's, the dream was nearly realised, only to be shattered by war. Now the Russians are offering the Germans the reunification they desire—if they will accept it on Russian terms—that is, if Western Germany abandons Nato.

Because he believes passionately in western civilisation, Dr. Adenauer has taken the tremendous decision for a German of refusing this offer. His position is simply that he will attain German unity on western terms alone, and that means that the reunification of the two Germanys will not take place until free elections have been held. But, as things are at present, the Russians will not allow free elections in East Germany. Their game is clearly to persuade Western Germany to reject Nato altogether, in which case the Americans might withdraw their troops from Western Germany, and the Kremlin would have achieved its objective number one in western Europe.

So Adenauer has been unable to produce reunification. It is for that reason, I think, that he has lost ground, and his political opponents have made headway. But that is not the whole story, for exasperation at the failure of the Adenauer regime to make progress with reunification inevitably leads to extremism, particularly among the younger generation. Some of them, it is true, have set their face against war and rearmament. But there are many others who can think only of the glamour of German might in the 'thirties, and are not told of the horrors by which it was purchased.

After the first world war, Stresemann, like Adenauer, tried for some years to follow the path of peace and reasonableness and reconciliation with his former enemies. The emotional wave of German nationalism swept him away, and four short years after his death Hitler was in power. The affront German nationalism suffered through the Versailles Treaty, which brought Hitler to the top, was nothing like as powerful as the affront which German nationalism is now suffering by the splitting of Germany, and if Adenauer and those who think like him lost their grip history could easily repeat itself.

But if Adenauer has been unable to solve the dilemma of reunification, he has at least been able to offer the Western Germans something else. Like Jean Monnet in France, and Paul-Henri

Spaak in Belgium, Adenauer is a believer in the closer integration of western Europe. And he has had a good deal of success in persuading his countrymen that western Europe is something worth working for. Western Germany has entered Nato, for instance, though recently Adenauer has had to give way to his opponents in Germany by reducing the length of conscription, and now by saying Germany cannot meet her promises about the contribution of troops she was to provide this year. All the same, the Schuman plan for the creation of the West European Coal and Steel Community is already a reality, and Western Germany is one of the six countries which belong to it. With the others she is now working on a plan to create a common market inside these six countries, by gradually abolishing tariffs and quotas, and in the end eliminating the present differences in the standard of living throughout western Europe from Amsterdam to Sicily and from Hamburg to the Pyrenees.

What has always spoilt these plans, except for Nato, has been our refusal to have much to do with them—beyond wishing them every success. Lord Strang has recorded the views of that great Englishman, Ernest Bevin, on one of these schemes for the integration of western Europe. 'I don't like it', he said. 'When you open that Pandora's box, a lot of Trojan horses will jump out'. But we have come a long way since the days of Ernest Bevin. We are most of us clear now that it is wrong to rely on the Americans to pull us out of all our messes. And if we stay out of the Common Market plan altogether our trade will be shut out of western Europe, which is something we cannot afford. So the decision we have now taken to consider seriously whether we should belong to a free-trade zone associated with the Common Market is, I am sure, in our best interests. What is more, it has already given immense encouragement to those who have been working away ever since the end of the war on European integration, not least Dr. Adenauer himself.

Nearer to Practical Politics

The integration of western Europe is therefore much nearer being practical politics than it has been since the end of the war. The trouble is that it is incompatible with the reunification of Germany, because as things are at present Germany can be reunited only on Russian terms, and on Russian terms Western Germany would be cut off from the rest of western Europe. And the integration of western Europe is unthinkable without the German. Soon they may have to choose between reunification and western Europe.

Dante in his *Inferno* tells how, in the ninth and deepest pit of Hell, he found the hideous monster Lucifer, crunching away at man in each of his three mouths. One was Judas Iscariot, the betrayer of Christ. The other two were Brutus and Cassius who murdered Julius Caesar, the founder of the first empire in western Europe. Today the obstructors of European integration would perhaps be assigned to such a fate. But integration is a goal toward which it seems to me that all our interests and all our historic traditions are driving us, not only in Britain and France and Italy and the Low Countries, but in Western Germany as well. Will Dr. Adenauer be able to convince his countrymen that it is the road along which they too must go? Or will the lure of reunification prove too strong?—*Home Service*

The B.B.C. Handbook 1957 has now been published, price 5s. Sir J. Jacob, Director-General of the B.B.C., says in the foreword: 'Studying these pages, readers will be able to assess the role of the B.B.C. in the life of the nation'. The Handbook gives up-to-date details of developments in the construction of V.H.F. stations and innovations in programmes and technique during the present year. It also deals with B.B.C. progress in colour television and contains many maps, tables, charts, and summaries of facts about the work of the Corporation. The Handbook is available through all newsagents and booksellers or by sending postal order for 5s. to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1.

Russia's Persistent Peasant

By MANYA HARARI

THERE has always been a peasant problem in Russia. To the peasant it was, and is, the problem of his wretchedness. To his employer, it was, and still remains, the problem of how to make the peasant work.

In *Anna Karenina*, Levin, the humane and sensible landowner, was astounded to find that a family of peasant farmers whom he visited cultivated their own land efficiently, because he had such trouble in getting work out of his peasants that he had almost given up trying. His peasants were landless labourers or small tenants. Until recently they had been serfs, but they had worked no better then: beyond a minimum of slovenly effort, compulsion could get nothing from them. Now, incentives had replaced compulsion, but they were inadequate. Burdened by rent and taxes on a plot too small to feed him, the average peasant had little hope of buying out his land, and he stayed on the starvation level rather than work hard for any lesser prize. Levin was sorry for his tenants, but there was little he could do for them. The less they worked the smaller was the landlord's loaf and the smaller was the peasant's cut of it; and the smaller the cut, the less willingly he peasant worked. Yet, Levin reflected, the peasant could not be congenitally inefficient, since it seemed that when he owned his land and had enough of it to make the work rewarding, he worked hard and well.

The Soviet State, as the only landowner, has stepped into Levin's shoes, and the facts which he discovered are perfectly well known to it: one way out of its agricultural difficulties would be to allow the peasants to become proprietors—*kulaks*. But this would be impossible ideologically. For forty years the leaders have been struggling to impose their own solution of the peasant problem.

To understand this problem as it struck them in 1917 needs an effort of imagination, especially from English people. For England is small and gentle, her climate is mild, her communications are excellent; her countryside looks to foreigners like a park, while her industry is so advanced that its benefits tend to be forgotten in the fear of losing the virtues which go with rural life. To most Englishmen, the good life has been the country as its background. But Russia is huge; her climate is harsh; her great stretches, sometimes hardly joined by roads, leave men huddled in tight, lonely communities where life is brutal and made mean by nature's niggardliness. In Russia, the remote countryside has always been spoken of as 'dark' and the people living there as 'dark'. In 1917, industry had hardly touched the country, and to Russians it is still today the friend of man and not the juggernaut, and the cities are where people gather in civilised friendship, not places of iniquity.

The Tolstoyans pitied the dark millions and stripped themselves of their possessions to share their lot but they could see no solution to theretchedness of village life. The Marxists did see a solution: 'The lot of village life must be abolished', said Lenin. Its passions could be useful only in the first stage of the revolution—the destruction of the landed class. It was known that in that stage the peasants would themselves become the landed class, for their reason to support the revolution

was their longing to possess the land. But the next phase—collectivisation—would strip them in their turn. Once they were proletarians, their interests would become identical with those of town workers. And together they would work for, and finance, the industrial revolution which would bring prosperity to all. In that future, money, trade, and private property would vanish altogether and with them the immoral capitalist relationships. The peasants would be drawn into the towns, and as agriculture became mechanised it would need only a minority of technicians to look after it. The whole country would become one huge enlightened city, living the good urban life, bound by community of

purpose and transfigured by plenty.

If this dream, with its heaven as a brave new world and its counsels of perfection imposed on the majority, now seems strange, it has to be remembered that it was dreamed by Russians without experience of industrial civilisation, and conceived by western townsmen in libraries off blue-prints. As we know now, once the peasants had the land, the further vistas of the dream found no response in them whatever. To them, the first stage of the revolution *was* the revolution. They had got what they wanted;

not for anything would they go back, but neither would they go forward.

Marx had thought they would allow themselves to be persuaded to collectivise: they should be made to see that land belonging to the People's State would still be theirs; but they would not see it. And since Russia was not the highly industrialised country pre-supposed by Marx, they were able to bring the Marxist Revolution to a standstill. Trade had to be kept on because the peasant would not supply food except for money. Industry, small and weakened by the war, could not expand or shift its balance to producer goods, because the peasants wanted cheap consumer goods and would not feed the towns unless they got them. When force was tried, they resisted, sabotaged, caused famine, and won.

So, for six years, from 1921 to 1927, the peasants traded freely with middlemen as well as with the state, and clothes, groceries, and pots and pans were kept cheap to suit them. Agriculture flourished. So did the new class of *kulak*. From the standpoint of the party doctrine, he was the dry rot of the regime. For the Soviet Union looked like being stabilised as a country of light industry and strong farming interests, rather like France. And in it, the party of the proletariat, whose dictatorship was alleged to be established, was in fact the party of the minority, its effective power limited to the negligible bargaining power of the towns.

So long as the peasants held on to their acres, they were unmanageable because, at a pinch, they could be self-sufficient. To Communists the remedy was obvious—collectivisation by force. The only argument between the left and right within the party was how quickly, and therefore how ruthlessly, this was to be done. Stalin used the right to smash the left, then smashed the right and collectivised with even greater ruthlessness than the left had advocated. Perhaps indeed no other way was open to him if the job was to be done at all. For this was



Ploughing up virgin land in the Fyodorov district of the U.S.S.R.

the second revolution. The first had been supported by the majority—the peasants—who shared its immediate and overt aim, the division of the land. The second was a life or death struggle between the party and the peasants who were still in the majority and who, now that they knew the party's further aims, were bitterly opposed to them.

The NEP ended in 1927, when the living standards of the masses were higher than in 1914 and in some ways higher than they are in 1956. In the next ten years over 99 per cent. of cultivated land was taken from the peasants. Thus far the second revolution was successful. But the peasants, who were to be kept under compulsion only until they were converted, are still unconverted today.

In the middle 'thirties each household within the new collectives was allowed a small allotment and the right to own a little cattle, and free markets were re-established. But already by 1938 it was plain that the peasants were again feathering their private nests. So, as soon as the markets had alleviated the food shortage, the state reduced the plots, penalised their intensive cultivation by taxes, and increased the quotas of forced deliveries.

Security and the Collective

Since the peasant's chief reason for wanting to own land is his wish to be secure and to keep the increment of his work, the insecurity of his tenure and the strict limitation of his private income should have encouraged him to rely on and to work for the collective. The trouble was that the collective—the *kolhoz*—could not give him security either. For while in a *sovhoz*—that is a farm run directly by the state—the labourer did get small but regular wages, the *kolhoz* is in theory an independent co-operative where the individual's income depended on the collective income: the state's role was limited to planning the production, collecting the deliveries and, in practice, appointing the manager; it was not responsible for the peasant who was paid only if, after the harvest was gathered in, there was a surplus left over from the forced deliveries which were based on acreage, not on actual yield. No surplus, no pay: and if the harvest fell short of the quota, the *kolhoz* was punished.

'So how did people live?' I asked peasants who explained this to me. They shrugged their shoulders with patient amusement at my surprise. 'So they starved', they answered.

It must be remembered that the planners were still townsmen, ignorant of the farmer's needs. Agricultural output has indeed suffered not only from the ideological tug-of-war between the party and the peasants but from plain neglect and muddle. This operated on every level down to the *kolhoz* manager. Much depends on him. I was told of a *kolhoz* where, with the arrival of a new manager who was both trained and honest, the peasant's pay went up six times. But good managers are scarce and their turnover in some districts has been recently as high as two a year.

Nowadays the state tries to remedy this disorder by bringing pressure on trained party members to take on such jobs and offering them good wages. Party officers in the country, who assist the management as propagandists and watchdogs, are constantly exhorted not only to show verbal zeal but to get down to practical work. And unlike Stalin, who is said never to have looked at a peasant except in films, some of the present leaders constantly tour the country. A new era has opened in agriculture. It can now be seen that it began, together with Khrushchev's influence on rural policy, in 1949. In that year a big step was attempted both to remedy the food shortage and to urbanise the countryside by creating agrotowns—huge centralised collectives. In one year, the number of collectives

was halved. But in practice the enormous size of the new units created difficulties of cost, transport, and administration which alarmed Khrushchev's colleagues and the scheme was dropped.

But the squeezing of collectives and smallholders went on. Once again the peasants became discouraged and output fell. Hungry and hostile, they fled to the hungry, overcrowded slums in towns, and as labour became short on farms, production fell lower still. That period of Khrushchev's rural policy is remembered with great bitterness, but his word seems to be taken for it that the fault was Stalin's. Malenkov, who reversed some of his measures after Stalin's death, is hero-worshipped by the peasants.

'So things are getting better?' I would ask them. They answered: 'Things got better under Malenkov'. Malenkov remitted certain arrears, he decreed that *kolhozniks* should get monthly advances on their pay, based on the estimated surplus (provided there was a surplus), and, while bringing down the retail prices of consumer goods, he more than doubled the prices which the state paid for animal produce. Some peasants still believe that if only Malenkov had stayed in office their happiness would have continued. But whether Malenkov meant only to placate them or was their friend, he made some mistakes. Owing to his price policy the livestock population rose so sharply that, though milk and meat are still short, there arose a country-wide shortage of grain and fodder. Moreover, it was mainly the privately owned livestock that increased, for the peasants continued to neglect collective work.

Malenkov apologised and resigned. Khrushchev came back, this time with a free hand. His agrotowns had failed, but now he had a still larger gesture up his sleeve. He had the answer to nearly forty years of blackmail by the peasants: he would do without them. The huge *sovhozes*, the urban countryside, the peasant population with a town mentality, all could be built up from scratch on the virgin lands. In three years, Khrushchev has moved a million people, largely from towns, and has put under the plough a new acreage equal to the whole arable land of Canada. The pioneer army was raised partly by pressure on party and komsomol members and partly by the offer of high wages. The experiment is costly; some of the new soil has proved unsuitable for the crops planted in it and some areas are short of rain. Some of the production has been lost through shortage of machines or of trained men or of barns. All the same, a great tonnage has been added to the annual yield.

Spectacular Change

The alternative solution of the economic problem would have been intensive cultivation on the existing farms—but this would have needed willing co-operation by contented peasants. The peasants are still close on half the population, that is roughly twice the total population of the British Isles. During my two recent visits to the Soviet Union I went to a number of places in the country and was able to talk to some peasants and to compare their conditions with those I knew when I left Russia in 1914. I even had the luck to see my old country

home in the north of Russia. It is now part of a huge *sovhoz*. Our house is now a school for the surrounding villages, and that is a great improvement. For in my time there was a great shortage of schools and a great many peasants were illiterate. Now I met peasants whose children were biologists and engineers. This change was spectacular.

I had no opportunity to go to the south of Russia where I am told that there are many rich collectives and the peasants earn good money. In central Russia I visited several *sovhozes* and *kolhozes* as well as households not belonging to collectives. Such households are allowed to have allotments but only half



Employees of a collective farm in the Ukraine receiving an advance payment of grain

size of those of the collective farmers. In a *kolhoz* not far from Moscow I met Vanya and Olga, who have three children and Vanya's other living with them. They live in the usual log hut, about twenty by twelve, partitioned into two. In my time, it would have had a pitched roof, a floor of beaten earth, and it would have been lit by candles or rushlights. Now, though there is still no sanitation and the water has to be carried from the well, there is a wooden floor, a wooden stove, an electric bulb, and a relay radio.

Five-sixths of an Acre

Vanya's children were better dressed than in my childhood—children's clothes are kept relatively cheap. The grown-ups were better off. But, winter and summer, the women wear the same cotton dress, with a wadded jacket and a shawl for the cold weather, and neither they nor Vanya looked as if they had bought anything new since the war. They eat more sugar, but the meals I shared with them were still mainly potatoes, cabbage, and potatoes.

Vanya and Olga have the usual allotment of five-sixths of an acre, and they keep chickens and a cow. Subject to a tax in cash and kind, the produce of the plot belongs to them, and that is the only living they can count on for certain. Vanya owes 300 work-days a year to the *kolhoz* and Olga 250. (These work-days are really tasks which take younger people less than their normal working day and older people more.) But before the work-days can be paid the *kolhoz* has to meet its obligations: first the state deliveries, then the tax levied on gross income, the amount charged for services by the government machine tractor station, the proportion of the crop set aside for seed, and the amounts earmarked for investment, running cost, and relief. The surplus, if any, is paid as wages for work-days, which are obligatory, whether they are paid or not.

This year, Vanya and Olga are getting four roubles and two and a half kilos of grain per work-day. The grain keeps them in bread and meat. The cash for the year would buy Vanya a suit and a pair of boots, but part of it is deducted. For when they joined the *kolhoz*, Vanya and Olga bought their house and cow on the instalment system—1,000 roubles for the house and 4,000 for the cow. If they pay off their debt at the rate of half their present earnings, it will take them twenty years. If they leave the *kolhoz*, they lose the instalments they have paid in. In any case they would need permission from the *kolhoz*; if they left without it their passports would be kept back and they could not legally get work. Vanya's mother is too old for farm work and as a peasant she is outside the state pension scheme. If she had nobody to look after her she would get bread and milk from the *kolhoz* relief fund; as it is the *kolhoz* gives her nothing.

Vanya and Olga would like to leave the *kolhoz*, for they see nothing in front of them but hunger and insecurity and they dread old age. They are tied down almost as securely as their grandparents who were serfs. When the thaw came Vanya cheered up, but by last year the rains had tightened up. 'It's getting bad again', Olga said. 'A lot of the men have left their wives to look after the plots and have gone to work in town. Last winter we just left the potatoes to rot in the *kolhoz* fields. It wasn't worth it at four roubles a day. They couldn't finish the whole lot of us'. But now it turns out that they might. Under the new five-year plan Vanya risks losing part of his allotment. The decree has yet been passed, but the peasants with their flair for fate are convinced that the plots will be removed or halved.

By-word for Wretchedness

Comments vary. Vanya said: 'That'll be the end. We'll leave, without passport or no passport'. A party member told me: 'Of course, it will be done only by the free vote of the collective. The peasants don't care much about their plots. They're only a small addition to their income'. A young working man said: 'It's the peasants' fault if they're not happy. They ought to see that in working for the collective they are working for themselves'. I asked him: 'Would you care to join the *kolhoz*?' He said: 'Well, no'. Certainly I met nobody who would.

Kolhozes are a by-word for wretchedness. The hope held out at the beginning of the thaw that the peasant's voluntary investment in industry was shortly going to result in a substantial betterment of his position has been proved false by the new five-year plan. The great priorities are once again producer goods. Although the Soviet Union has decreased her armed forces, her industrial targets have risen together with her world commitments. In thirteen countries and 900,000,000 of the Communist world are



Pruning tea plants on a state farm in Georgia

claimed to be her guarantee against attack, but many of them are not yet industrialised, and her professed aim is to assist them with producer goods, as well as to assist the uncommitted nations under the new slogan of peaceful, but competitive coexistence.

So Vanya sees his jam vanishing down the vista of tomorrows. Having worked for thirty years to provide his own state with the power which weighs on him so heavily, he will work to provide other states with the same means of centralised control. But his opinion is certainly not being asked. Clearly he cannot be asked, for great policies still depend for their success upon his silence and docility. To us, this docility may look like the submissiveness of generations of serfdom which the interval of freedom was not long enough to break and which is now preserved by scientifically measured insecurity.

To a communist of the old school the picture looks different. It is the heroism of the Soviet people which has sacrificed the present to the future, prosperity to power, and the Russians to the liberation of the proletariat of the world. But now that the contacts are growing closer between town and country in the Soviet Union, I doubt if even a town communist expects a peasant to see eye to eye with him on that. And because of this, although the thaw continues, the spring still looks very distant. For if you cannot ask a peasant what he thinks and if you dare not let him vote as he thinks fit, the chances of free speech and of a free vote seem hardly to be great for anyone.—*Third Programme*

Eric Bentley is among the most intelligent and stimulating writers on the theatre; he has knowledge, enthusiasm, and discrimination, with perhaps a somewhat excessive bias in favour of Bert Brecht. In *The Dramatic Event* (Dennis Dobson, 21s.) he has collected together the articles he contributed to the *American New Republic* between 1952 and 1954. Most of the articles deal with current plays or films shown in New York; a few are on more general subjects. This collection was originally published in the U.S.A. in 1954; consequently few of the pieces are of contemporary interest, though they will provide information and food for thought for the professional student of the contemporary theatre.

Sicilian Experiment

By NINETTA JUCKER

NO one in Palermo, Catania, or Messina doubts that a new era has dawned for Sicily, but a stranger, on his first visit, will hardly see signs of it. He will look in vain for the more spectacular tokens of social and economic revival which may have impressed him on the Italian mainland. There is nothing in Sicily to compare, for instance, with the vast and magnificent resettlement of the Maremma district. You will have to drive many miles through the solitude of an awe-inspiring landscape before you come on one of the experimental villages which the Regional Government is building, and when you do find one you will be surprised to see that life does not flow readily into the new houses as it has done into the Maremma farms.

A Breaking-down of Age-old Custom

I saw one of these villages in central Sicily. The buildings are meant to form the nucleus for a village community; there is a church, a school, a shop, a surgery, and a fountain. The idea is to resettle the peasants on the land and break down the age-old custom of living huddled together in large overcrowded townships; the word township hardly conveys the idea of a mere agglomeration of dwellings and they are often four or five hours' journey from the place where the day's work is done. But the old habit is not easily broken. For many years to come the Sicilian roads will see their twice-daily procession of peasants riding out or back from the fields on mule or donkey. The goats trot beside them on a leash, and their dogs walk patiently under the gaily painted carts.

I saw many such processions, but one I remember particularly. I overtook it at dusk on the road; it was raining and the men had drawn their dark blue, hooded cloaks over their faces. Those who were mounted spread these mantles behind them to cover the animal's back. They walked or rode in silence strung out in single file for a distance of a mile or more. Breughel painted such peasants with cloaks like these and the same deep withdrawn look in their eyes. In that dusky light the whole silent troop seemed more like a ghostly vision from the Middle Ages than a twentieth-century reality.

In the towns, too, though the new regime has made more strides there than in the country, the new buildings are not going up as thick and fast as on the mainland. In Palermo one is torn between a sense of exhilaration inspired by its ancient grandeur and the depression induced by so much squalor. The only place where I entirely lost this sense of uneasiness was the Norman Palace; this fine building has been most beautifully restored to house the Regional Parliament with a pomp and elegance which please the Sicilians and contribute a good deal to the success of the new regime.

My Sicilian hosts told me that in living memory Palermo has never been so much alive as it is today. I believe them. Yet the very bustle of Palermo reminded me of life as it was in Italy just after the war when poverty seemed to burst out of the gutted houses like water pouring through a sieve. In northern and central Italy poverty has since been swept out of sight. It keeps to its own quarters. But it has not been forgotten and it is today the uppermost concern in the public mind. In Palermo poverty is neither forgotten nor remembered. It is everywhere. It oozes from behind the peeling baroque façades of the palaces, and in the very heart of the city imposing portals open on teeming slums. The mysterious alleys, with their balconies and impenetrable curtains of washing, which open on to Palermo's long and narrow streets, are teeming with slum life; not the exuberant vitality of Naples but the patient, apparently unresentful poverty of Italy's Deep South. Poverty was never considered indecorous in Sicily, only inevitable. It aroused no reforming zeal in the beholder and the Sicilian intellectual ran away from it, taking refuge in the ivory tower of his own cultivated mind. Even today I had the feeling that the present Sicilian revival has not greatly changed this attitude. The conclusion I came to was that, for most Sicilians, the new era is a period of economic rebirth, but not yet of social rebirth. I shall try first to say something about the economics.

With the help of special legislation from the Regional Parliament,

Sicily seems to be emerging from the pre-capitalist into the capitalist phase. In this she is still behind the rest of western Europe, where capitalism is becoming an outmoded term. One reason why socialist and communist propaganda have made little headway in Sicily, in spite of the dreadful living conditions, is that it is not easy to explain socialism to a pre-capitalist world. Confidence in the state has been lacking for centuries; money is hoarded even during inflation and is never put to profit except in the form of usury, and so anyone who will risk his savings in a commercial venture or invest in industry or agricultural improvement is a man of progress, almost a pioneer. He is the type of entrepreneur who is being encouraged, with some success, I should say by the new regime. Everywhere I heard the praises of this or that person who had laid out a new orange grove or built a mill to spin local cotton.

I met one of these pioneers, not in Sicily but up north at the international garment-makers fair in Turin. He was running a small clothes factory in Palermo and was enthusiastic about home rule. It had turned Sicily, he said, into a great humming workshop. Thanks to the Regional Government's enlightened policy in the matter of credit and wages he was able to compete with manufacturers on the mainland and export successfully to France and North Africa. He told me this was due largely to the special concession over wages which the Sicilians call *temperamenti*. The word suggests tempering the wind to the shorn lamb, though the lamb in this case is not, as you might expect, the worker but his employer; what it means is that the employer is allowed to pay his workers less than the national trade-union minimum wage. This is no mean concession: the national wage level is already graded on a regional pattern according to the local cost of living and the wage rate is much lower in the south than in the north. The trade unions have accepted the Sicilian *temperamenti* with some reluctance and only because they appreciate the extreme need to encourage enterprise in the south.

The Government's economic advisers have decided, perhaps a little optimistically, that the only way to raise Sicily from its present level of depression is to create industrial zones on the island. This means building up industry from scratch on industrially virgin soil where production costs are likely to be at least 20 per cent. higher than in the already industrialised north. To bridge this gap the Regional Parliament has given new concerns a number of tax exemptions, but the fiscal regime in Sicily is different from that on the mainland. Sicilians say there is more money on the island than people are willing to admit, but the tax concessions are meant to attract capital not from Sicily but from Italy and from abroad. Some deputies in the Regional Parliament are worried that these incentives might attract the wrong sort of investor. In particular they fear that the big industrial concerns of northern Italy may end by getting control of young industries on the island; they refer to the northern industrialists as 'the Mafia of the north', fearing that their aim will be not so much to develop Sicily as to make sure that Sicily shall not develop in competition with themselves.

Lack of the Competitive Element

These fears were put to me by a young Christian Democrat deputy who belongs to the same progressive trend of the Christian Democrats as the President of the Regional Government, Signor Alessi. The deputy, who polled more votes after Alessi than anyone in the regional election, told me he thought the prospects for Sicily's development under the ten-year Vanoni Plan and under the Regional Government's own five-year plan were fairly good. Sicily has petroleum, sulphur, potassic salts, and probably phosphates: all the basic elements for a chemical and petrochemical industry. What worried this deputy was the time factor and the way in which these raw materials would be used. 'Personally', he told me, 'I should look with favour on direct economic intervention by the state. This would supply the competitive element which is in fact lacking in our so-called liberal economy'.

In point of fact the capital which has entered the country from northern Italy so far has come precisely from the big industrial

The only exception is the chain of Jolly Hotels built by Count Marzotto, which was financed partly by the Southern Development Fund, or Cassa del Mezzogiorno. I was present at the inauguration of some new plant built at Porto Empedocle by one of the big northern chemical firms. Ministers from the Central and Regional Governments were present, and the Bishop of Agrigento made a speech congratulating the citizens on their high birth rate. The population watched the proceedings from the walls of sulphur blocks which clutter up the port vainly waiting an order for shipment abroad. The new plant, we were told, would be using Sicilian sulphur to relieve the crisis in the mines. When the speeches and toasting were over it was something of an anticlimax to learn that the plant would give work to 300 people in all, of whom barely 175 were Sicilian.

The Italian state does not, at present, contemplate intervening directly in southern industry, though some people think it may be forced to later on. Its only direct intervention today is through the National Hydrocarbon Organisation which produces methane at Catania and is prospecting in various parts of Sicily for oil. The President of the Cassa del Mezzogiorno, Professor Pescatore, told me that what the

organisation aims at is the pre-industrial phase is to break down the old static environment. It is assumed, or at least hoped, that this can be done purely by economic means backed by a sound programme of primary and technical education. The

Cassa del Mezzogiorno is looking far ahead. Its costly projects for creating public services aim to satisfy the estimated needs of the population for many decades. The year 2000 is its target. This is sound economic policy where an immense outlay of public funds is

incurred, but it is not easy, in the psychological atmosphere of Sicily, to keep a long-term aim in view. There are such pressing immediate needs and such high hopes have been raised by the achievement of the rule, that it is difficult to strike a balance between what must be done immediately and what should be planned for a generation to come. On the whole the Cassa tries to keep the further future in view while the Regional Government tends to concentrate more on immediate improvements: schools, hospitals, roads, and so on. But it is when things are beginning to improve, and not when they are at their worst, that men become impatient. Recently the population at the gulf of Castellamare organised a collective hunger strike and other demonstrations to induce the authorities to build a dam on the river Jato to irrigate their land. The demonstration was led by Danilo Dolci, the well-known social reformer. It landed Dolci in prison and led to his trial which caused a great outcry in Italy, but the upshot is that work on the Jato dam is now proceeding.

Now Dolci is in trouble again. He has published an enquiry on Palermo in which he tells how people live in the slums of that city. He will have to answer in court on a charge of offending public morals. There will be another trial and once again the Italian intellectuals will rally to his support. The moral of all this is that it is hard on the governing class, in a tradition-bound country like Sicily, to understand that something is stirring among the population of Italy's depressed areas, something which has been grasped by writers like Italo Levi and poets like Rocco Scotellaro, and which could play a part with the carefully laid plans of the economic theorists.

The theorists and bureaucrats alike will have to realise what the intellectuals have been trying to say for some time: environment is not just a matter of poverty, illiteracy, bad housing, or unemployment, which can

be removed one by one; environment creates a mentality, conditions man's attitude to all the social relationships, to his own family first of all, and these attitudes are not so easy to change. Sicilians say that a man's life revolves round two fixed poles: his money and his wife. The money he keeps under lock and key and the wife is almost as effectively locked up by convention as if she were physically debarred from leaving the house. Outside the big towns it is rare to meet a woman in the street. When you find one she will be wearing a long black shawl drawn over her head as women used to do in Lancashire. This shawl she wears in all weathers, as a sort of cloak of invisibility which she flings round herself because she knows she should not be seen in the street.

The streets themselves are made for men to walk in, not for women. Take the men's clubs. These are furnished like station waiting-rooms and open on to the street so that everything which goes on inside can be seen from without. This is part of the social system: a man wants to be seen talking to his influential neighbours. Then there are the barbers' shops which are really a continuation of the clubs. They are more numerous than any other type of shop in a small Sicilian town.

The jewellers' shops show more men's jewellery than trinkets for women. Lastly, there is the market where women do not go. The day's provisions are bought in the morning by the husband before he goes to work. Italians suppose that the Sicilian attitude to women is a relic of Arab domination. Whatever the origin of her status, the Sicilian woman gets the worst of both worlds. At Ragusa, the presence of an American community running the oil fields acts as a ferment in the economic life of this provincial



An experimental village in Catania, built by the Regional Government of Sicily

town, but the distance which separates the wives and daughters of the American oil men from the women of Ragusa is too wide to be bridged. They are a civilisation apart. The women are not even shocked by American ways, for one does not criticise the habits of creatures who belong to another species. Sicilian women think American women uncivilised because they eat off plastic tablecloths instead of buying embroidered napkins. Yet they see nothing uncivilised in the behaviour of the women of Trappeto who incited a local girl to kill her employer because he had not kept a promise of marriage. Honour must be vindicated in Sicily, whether it be a woman's or a man's, for it is a symbol of the human personality. The girl who killed her employer is in prison, but when she comes out she will be acclaimed by her fellow citizens, men and women. It is to break down this side of the environment, as well as the purely material side, that Dolci is working.

Where the men are concerned the contact between Texan and Californian oil men and Sicilian workers at Ragusa is extremely fruitful. The Americans have no prejudice, like the north Italians, against employing southern labour. The manager of the oilfield, a charming Texan known affectionately in Ragusa as 'the sheriff', spoke most warmly of the quickness to learn and the reliability of his Sicilian workmen. I wished he could have been heard by some of those north Italian industrialists who have refused to open new branches in the south unless they can send an entire staff from Milan.

The environment, I have come to think, is not only a question of local habits and mentality. There are prejudices which must be broken in the north as well as in the south. This is not a job for the Cassa del Mezzogiorno or the Regional Government, but for intellectuals, for social workers like Dolci, and, perhaps, for the parliament in Rome.

—Third Programme

Aspects of Africa

Labour Migration and the Tribe

By CLYDE MITCHELL

HOW many able-bodied men can you take out of a community without causing a general social and economic degeneration? This is a problem which has often crossed the minds of District Commissioners in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, where, according to their reports, as many as 75 per cent. of the taxpayers are away from their rural villages at any one time. It is also a problem that anthropologists have worried about from time to time, though naturally their interest in the question is a theoretical one. It is obvious that there is no single answer to the question. It depends on the part that men play in growing the food and in running the particular tribal system. There are many different sorts of tribal system in Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, but not all of them have been studied in sufficient detail to enable us to draw valid conclusions from them. We can, however, select three which have been studied sufficiently well to illustrate what I mean.

Eating into the Bush

One of the clearest examples we have is the Bemba of Northern Rhodesia, studied by Audrey Richards between 1933 and 1935. The Bemba live in the Northern Province of Northern Rhodesia where the soil is generally poor. Their staple item of food is millet, which they grow by sowing the seeds in patches of ash left after the branches of the surrounding trees have been lopped off, dragged into the centre of a clearing, and burnt. In Bemba country, unlike in other parts of the territory, the trees are not cut down at shoulder height. Instead the young men, with some daring and not a little bravado, climb twenty or thirty feet up into the trees and lop the branches off at that height. The women and children then carry the branches into the centre of the garden. A newly made garden yields a good crop for the first year but the plant nutrients contained in the ash are soon used up so that a new patch of trees must be pollarded each year to provide enough food to last the year through.

So the village gardens gradually eat their way into the bush further and further away from the village. Periodically, about every five years, the village must uproot itself and find a new site nearer the gardens. Eventually, after about twenty-five years, the trees that were originally pollarded have grown again and the village can return to its old site. It follows from this that, given this type of slash-and-burn cultivation, there is a direct relationship between the density of the population on the land and the period of regeneration that the land will be allowed. If the population goes up too rapidly bigger gardens must be cut, and the village comes round to its first site before the full regeneration of the natural growth on it. If this happens the land may become over-cultivated so that the soil degenerates and the yields fall, with a resulting depression on the standard of living of the villagers.

The population-carrying capacity of the land has been studied particularly by William Allen, an agriculturist working in Northern Rhodesia. Allen says: 'Any given area of land will maintain in perpetuity a limited number of people and this limit is determined by certain natural characteristics of the soil and climate, and by the manner in which the land is used'. This limit he calls the critical density. The critical density among some people who use relatively advanced agricultural methods is as high as 120 persons per square mile. Among the Ngoni, Chewa, Nsenga, and Lamba, who practise a type of agricultural technique involving soil selection, it is about twenty-two. Among the Swaka, who practise a type of slash-and-burn agriculture, it is about twelve. Among the Bisa and eastern Lala, whose slash-and-burn agriculture is not as efficient as the Bemba's, the critical density is only five. Among the Bemba themselves, it is probably not very much higher than this—say seven or eight. This means to say that the Bemba country will be over-populated if the density increases much above this. It shows what a small margin there is between the Bemba and starvation.

The Bemba have only the simplest of implements to work with—the hoe and the axe. It is strenuous work to cut down trees: it is essentially the work of men. To cut the branches off trees perched some twenty feet above the ground is not only the work for men—it is the work

for young men. It so happens that the Bemba area supplies most of the people to the Copperbelt. In December 1954 no less than 43 per cent. of the total labour force on the Copperbelt came from the Northern Province, including the two Luapula valley districts. The Bemba district supplied no less than 22 per cent. of the total labour force. It is easy to see that the absence of men, especially the young men, constitutes a severe blow to the indigenous method of agriculture among the Bemba. The few men left in the rural areas are unable to cut enough new gardens for the women and the very old who are left behind, who must continue to cultivate the same plots of ground over and over again, and so the yields fall rapidly.

As long ago as 1938 the late Godfrey Wilson had described Bemba land as the 'hungry, manless area'. His description is even more true today. Dr. Richards' study made it clear that the Bemba live constantly on the verge of starvation: they have no surplus food stores to fall back on. They expect to go hungry every year as their last year's food supplies give out and before the new crops are harvested. Her studies show that over the whole year the average intake of calories per man value is only 1,700. Mrs. Thomson, who made a study amongst the Lala, who have a similar system of agriculture, found the average intake per man value to be 2,000. The reaction of the people who are left behind is that they should leave their poverty and hunger behind them and go to the towns where they can get enough food to eat. Their expectations are not in vain, for Mrs. Thomson, who also made a study in an urban area, found that the average calorific intake per man was nearly twice as much as in the rural areas.

In the Bemba areas, and in areas like them, where men play an indispensable part in food production, the effect of the drift to towns to set up a sort of circular action. The absence of the men lowers the standard of living in the rural areas and this in turn tends to encourage more of the able-bodied to leave the rural areas to seek a higher standard of living in the towns. The statistics show this clearly. The number of people from the Northern Province on the Copperbelt has been increasing at just less than double the rate of the natural increase in the rural areas. In contrast, the number of men from the Luapula areas, where an alternative source of cash income—and food—is available in the form of fish, has increased at 3 per cent. per annum, which is only slightly above the average rate of natural increase.

Town and Country Share the Wealth

The northern neighbours of the Bemba are the Mambwe. Dr. Watson of the Rhodes-Livingstone Institute has made an intensive study of the effect of wage labour on the tribal structure of these people. The Mambwe in the northern part of the territory do not practise the slash-and-burn type of cultivation. They occupy open grassland and in the woodland that the Bemba do. In order to grow their staple crop, eleusine, they turn the grass into the centre of mounds and this rot to form a bed rich in humus. This sort of agriculture is not the work of men to the same degree that the pollarding of trees is among the Bemba. The result is that men may be away from the Mambwe country and yet not affect the level of food production seriously. The Mambwe thus operate a sort of division of labour, which is intimately related to the kinship structure of their communities. Some of the men are away in the towns earning money while others at home are supporting themselves on the land. The men in the towns retain a stake in the land home and when they come back they share the wealth they have earned with those who stayed at home.

Hence, in a society with this type of agricultural production, many more men can be away without upsetting the economic life of the tribe than is possible with the Bemba. There is a limit to the number of men who can be away and Dr. Watson suggests that this limit is reached where there are two women to each man left in the village and this limit has not yet been reached.

The Tonga who live up the western coast of Lake Nyasa provide an extreme variation of the same pattern. Mr. van Velsen, also of the Rhodes-Livingstone Institute, is currently making an anthropological

dy of them. He has described how as many as 75 per cent. of the Tonga men may be away at one time, most of them in South Africa and Southern Rhodesia. Yet Mr. van Velsen was impressed by the comparative fluence of the Tonga. Many of them wore good clothing and had good houses. He found that few of them were interested in earning wages locally. The staple food among the Tonga is cassava or manioc, which is propagated by planting slips of the stem in mounds into which the grass and weeds have been removed. The edible roots of the plant then develop in the rich soil which results from the rotting vegetation within the mound. There are various types of cassava, some of which mature in six months and others which are able to remain in the ground for as long as two years. Among the Tonga, therefore, a man is able to prepare a large garden of cassava before he goes to South Africa and leave it to his wife to maintain and take off while he is away earning money.

It is clear from these examples I have chosen that the presence of men does not affect each system in the same way, and it is impossible to lay down a hard-and-fast rule about the number of men who may leave a tribe without causing disorganisation. It seems to me, therefore, that the breakdown of the tribal system is less likely to arise from the mere absence of men, to which, within limits, the tribal system can adjust itself, than from the development of classes of Africans who did not exist in the tribal system before.

The policy makers in Northern Rhodesia appreciate keenly the danger of allowing large towns to develop on the basis of such wasting resources as copper and cobalt on the Copperbelt and lead and zinc at Broken Hill. They also appreciate that even the towns that now exist need food to keep them going. Until recently insufficient maize was grown within the territory to keep those towns supplied and most of the maize that was offered for sale was grown by the European farmers. The necessity for agricultural development among the Africans is obvious.

The Northern Rhodesia Government has been attempting to stimulate this in many ways. In the Improved Farmers Scheme each African who farms his land according to approved practices is paid a bonus for each acre of land so cultivated. The Peasant Farmers Scheme makes provision for the individual tenure of land in certain parts of the territory, one of the conditions of tenure being that the farmer should adopt improved methods of farming. Largely as a result of these measures, for the first time in many years Northern Rhodesia produces enough maize at least to feed itself.

No doubt the problem of increased agricultural production can be solved technically: it is a question of experimentation with different fertilisers and systems of crop rotation and so on. There are, however, certain social repercussions of these schemes that should be considered. Modern farming methods involve the investment of capital in machinery and equipment and the efficient use of this machinery it must be used on very large holdings. A man who lives in a tribal system is bound to his fellow tribesmen by certain rights and obligations which form part of the social structure of the tribe. A man who reaps a bumper crop is expected to distribute the surplus amongst his less fortunate kinsmen.

This exchange of goods and the distribution of wealth among kinsmen constitutes a bond and parcel of the tribal system. From one point of view we can regard this as an investment of surplus wealth



'Slash-and-burn' cultivation as practised by the Bemba tribe of Northern Rhodesia: men cutting off branches from the trees at a height of twenty or thirty feet

From 'Land, Labour and Diet in Northern Rhodesia', by Audrey Richards (published for International Institute of African Languages and Cultures by O.U.P.)

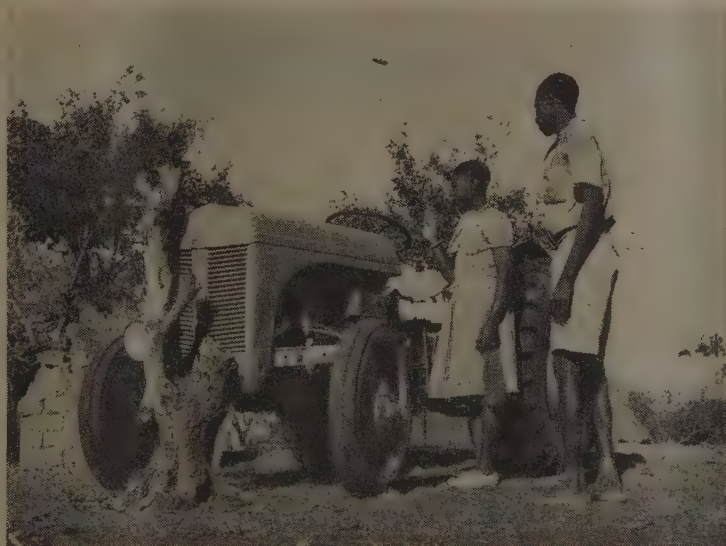
in social security because over the course of years today's giver will be tomorrow's receiver. But if a man is to set himself up as a successful farmer and to invest his surplus wealth in equipment, fertilisers, mechanical transport, labour, and so on, he must shake himself free from the shackles of the ever ramifying kinship system. He must be able to cultivate more land than traditionally a man could with an axe and hoe, and he must dispose of the surplus crops for cash. He must use this cash, over and above his immediate requirements, to buy seeds and repair his equipment, to pay his labour, and so on. He must therefore reject the claims of his kinsmen and turn them hungry from his door.

This is not an easy thing to do. Virtually it means isolating himself from social relationships with his fellows, which is almost certain to evoke their hostility. It will also cost him money because it involves having at hand sufficient financial resources to meet medical costs, the costs of litigation, the costs of funerals, the costs of old age dependency, and the many other types of expenses which in the tribal system are distributed amongst a wide group of kinsmen.

The creation of a sufficiently large class of individual farmers, it seems to me, inevitably means the passing of the old tribal system as we know it. No doubt sufficient food and other agricultural produce will be produced to supply the urban masses. But at the same time from one point of view the tribal system has been supplying a hidden subsidy

to industrial development in Northern Rhodesia. By assuming responsibility for the care of the lame and the aged who return from the industrial areas, and the unproductive youths before they go into the industrial areas, the rural tribesmen in the past have been bearing the costs of what otherwise would have to be borne by Government in the shape of welfare services, or industry in the form of higher wages. They have borne these costs at the expense of their standard of living, for the tribal system is essentially egalitarian; and tribesmen in the past have been prepared to share what they have with their poorer fellows. Change is inevitable and the old tribal system must go. But the change is going to be expensive for Government and industry and for the Africans themselves.

—Third Programme



African farmer in Northern Rhodesia, trained in a government school, admiring his new tractor

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on events in Poland

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company, New York 14, N.Y.

Novel Thoughts

IN three broadcast talks, the first of which is reproduced in our columns this week, Miss Elizabeth Bowen has been discussing the novel—what a novel is, what a reader looks for in a novel, and what may be considered the chief components of a novel. A novelist of Miss Bowen's distinction, speaking on her art, commands attention in her own right, and one hopes that the plea she made in the closing sentences of her third talk—'I ask you to look out for, to be aware of the writers, the novelists, who seem to you to be making the literature of our age'—will not go unheeded. For a general impression seems to have got round that novel-writing and novel-reading are not what they were (is anything ever what it was?) and that the only books that appeal to mid-twentieth-century readers are biographies, histories, or books on travel. Certainly books such as these are widely read. It is also true that the novel has been passing through a bad patch. The same might be said of the human race. A major war does not militate in the novelist's favour; and the threat of the atom bomb is no encouragement to the creative artist. Nor for that matter is high taxation. It is hardly surprising therefore, taking one thing with another, that in the years following the war novel-writing suffered a decline. Furthermore a new age had dawned. The older school of writers, the established novelists, no doubt found difficulty in attuning themselves to it, while their would-be successors had hardly started to function. But now one has the impression that, things in general having taken a turn for the better, the novel is coming into its own again—and it would indeed be a pity if this impression were based on nothing more than wishful thinking.

For the novel in the classification of literature is more than entertainment. The novel, as Miss Bowen says, does not simply recount experience; it adds to experience, and the degree to which it will do this depends on the art and ability of the novelist. It may indeed be a fact, as Mr. L. P. Hartley suggested in his address to the P.E.N. Congress last summer, that the decline of the novel must not be laid at the door of the novelist at all, but is the fault of his human material. Novels being concerned with individuals, and individuals in an age of collectivism having to subordinate themselves to the mass, the novelist finds himself frustrated and out of sympathy with the *Zeitgeist*. To conclude from this, however, that the novel has no future would be to drive oneself to despair not only of the future of creative writing but of the continued existence of the human spirit.

One of the things that matter most in the world is the way individuals as individuals behave. There may be circumstances in which it is easy to retain one's individuality. There may also be circumstances in which to do that is exceedingly difficult. But in so far as one allows one's standard of behaviour, one's inner urge to do what one believes right, to be modified by or brought into line with a prevailing sentiment which cuts across one's own convictions, to that extent one becomes less of a man and more of a unit of personnel. These are large questions and they raise problems there is no room to discuss here. Yet it is precisely in this context that the novelist can make his contribution. Science and technology (to say nothing of a political philosophy that admits of no compromise) for all the benefits they may bestow, constitute also a challenge—not only in terms of bombs and guided missiles, but as influences over which human beings, if they are to retain their humanity, have to assert their mastery. In this process not the least of the weapons that can be employed on humanity's side in the struggle is the imaginative insight of the novelist.

TWELVE HOURS AFTER the unheralded arrival in Warsaw on October 19 of Mr. Khrushchev, Mr. Molotov, Mr. Mikoyan, and Mr. Kaganovitch as well as leading Soviet military figures, Warsaw radio announced the fact. The high-powered Soviet delegation descended on the meeting of the Central Committee of the Polish Communist Party just after Mr. Gomulka had been reinstated, and just as it was about to appoint a new Politburo. Early next morning Warsaw radio reported the departure of the Soviet delegation and issued a *communiqué* saying that a delegation would go to Moscow to discuss the strengthening of co-operation between Poland and Russia. The *communiqué* claimed that the talks in Warsaw had taken place 'in an atmosphere of friendly sincerity'.

On the same night Mr. Gomulka made a two-hour speech to the Central Committee, which was broadcast by Warsaw radio. Budapest radio quoted the main points, Belgrade radio gave only a brief summary, and up to the time of writing Moscow radio and all the satellite radios, apart from the Hungarian, have been silent. Mr. Gomulka began by saying that 'much evil' had taken place in Poland since he was dismissed seven years ago, and the heritage left by this period was 'more than frightening'. He referred to the decline in industry and agriculture, the 'catastrophic' housing situation, and the workers' poor living standards. He went on:

The price of failure was paid by the country, and by the workers in particular. The workers have given the Government a painful lesson. It was a grave mistake to ascribe the Poznan events to foreign agents. . . . The Poznan workers would not have taken up arms if the party had told them the truth. . . . Now the workers must be told the truth. There is a shortage of goods. We cannot afford rises in wages.

After saying that coercion by taxation or any other means must not be used to force peasants into co-operative farms, and that he envisaged abolishing compulsory deliveries to the state, Mr. Gomulka went on:

There are different roads to socialism, and different models, as in the U.S.S.R., or in Yugoslavia, or there may be others. After the second world war, the U.S.S.R. was no longer the only country on the way to Socialism. Within this (socialist) framework every country should have its freedom and independence. . . . The road of democratisation is the only road. We shall not abandon it, and will defend ourselves with all our force from being pushed off it. . . . The electoral law must enable people to elect, not merely to cast a vote.

On October 20 the non-party *Zycie Warszawi* was quoted as welcoming Mr. Gomulka's reinstatement and saying that the entire nation united as never before, expects further action to strengthen Poland's sovereign rights and for the democratisation of life in Poland. On October 21 Warsaw radio broadcast articles in several Polish newspapers attacking *Pravda* for using language that was 'neither friendly nor sincere' in its condemnation of the Polish press. The *Pravda* article of October 20—breaking the Soviet press and radio silence on events in Poland—accused the Polish press of daily publishing articles 'which are shaking the foundations of the people's democratic system', 'open flirting with bourgeois elements', and 'publicly renouncing Marx and Lenin'. In its reply, the Polish press accused *Pravda* of distortion. Admitting that anti-Soviet feeling existed in Poland, it said that Polish-Soviet friendship was the keystone of Polish policy.

On October 19 Budapest radio welcomed the reinstatement of Mr. Gomulka and said that in Hungary as well as in Poland 'the battle against the forces which pull us back has to be fought on the international and international planes'. Three days earlier Budapest announced the re-instatement of Mr. Nagy, stressing that he had always emphasised the need for wider political freedom, priority for consumer goods, and for non-communists too to have their say in the country's affairs. The broadcast contrasted Mr. Nagy's views with those of Mr. Rakosi, who was also attacked by another Hungarian commentator.

On October 21 it was reported from Budapest that Hungarian students had threatened to demonstrate in the streets of the capital unless their demands for more freedom were conceded. On October 20 the Communist youth journal reported that thousands of students had resigned from the Communist-dominated students' union and set up a rival organisation. Students had demanded reduction in the time for compulsory study of Marxism-Leninism and called for full autonomy for Hungary's universities. On October 19 the Hungarian Minister of Education announced that students would no longer be forced to learn Russian.

Did You Hear That?

THE PORCELAIN OF SÈVRES

THE BICENTENARY of the establishment of the Sèvres porcelain factory has just been celebrated in France. THOMAS CADETT, B.B.C. correspondent in Paris, spoke about it in 'The Eye-witness'.

'Two hundred years ago', he said, 'Sèvres was not the suburb of Paris that it is today, but a small town running down to the Seine half-way between the capital and the royal palace of Versailles. That is why Louis XV had the factory shifted from Vincennes, which was inconveniently out of the way. When the transfer was made the factory was still limited to using what is called "soft" or artificial paste for its porcelain and, though this did not prevent it from turning out some magnificent stuff, Sèvres could not compete with the hard porcelains from China, or even Meissen in Saxony. For France then lacked the essential basic material—the white, clay-like substance called kaolin. However, in 1769 rich deposits were found near Limoges, and

Sèvres was freed at last from its handicap. This find occurred during the directorship of Boileau, one of the ablest in the history of the place, and Sèvres prospered accordingly. Boileau was succeeded in 1773 by M. Parent. He embezzled funds in a big way and almost bankrupted the concern before he was "fired" in 1778. Perhaps the greatest contribution of all time was made by the chemist Brogniart, who lived between 1770 and 1847. He devised a paste formula for firing at very high temperatures which is still being used today.

'It is impossible, of course, to condense the history of the place into short space, but two more things are worth mentioning. One is the devastating effect on Sèvres of the French Revolution. With no rich aristocrats or bourgeois to buy porcelain, times were hard indeed for the staff there. But they managed to keep the place going—though with little relish, since political art became the order of the day. However, after seizing power, Napoleon Bonaparte put the factory on its feet again. But to most people's taste today, the Sèvres of that time is more valuable for historic interest than artistic merit.

'As to taste, some rude things indeed have been said about some of the Sèvres turned out during the past century or so, particularly the huge vases given away on ceremonial occasions by Presidents of the Republic.

'A day or two ago I was taken round Sèvres by the technical director. Speaking about that matter of taste, he said: "It's simply impossible to please everybody, so we just go ahead and do both ancient and modern". Some of the modern stuff he showed me I thought pretty awful, and so, he admitted, did he. Other pieces were interesting and challenging in their simplicity. The old-fashioned pieces were, of course, the perfection of copying: for example, a dinner service with a painted landscape in a centre panel. Each plate cost £30'.

HOME OF GILBERT AND SULLIVAN

London's Savoy theatre in the Strand celebrated its seventy-fifth birthday last week. W. MACQUEEN-POPE spoke of its history in 'Radio Newsreel'.

'It is, in its way, unique', he said, 'for it was built for a specific

purpose—to be the permanent home for the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Those wonderful examples of the art of the theatre, so truly British and such specimens of perfection in their own art, have become known as the Savoy Operas. Yet they were not born there; the first, "Trial by Jury", was produced at the old Royalty Theatre, and several which followed were produced at the Opéra Comique. But that astute manager, Richard D'Oyly Carte, who brought Gilbert and Sullivan together, soon realised what a property he had, and he decided to give it its own home. So he built the Savoy on historic ground in the Strand, and opened it on October 10, 1881, with "Patience", which he transferred there from the Opéra Comique. The new theatre was lovely and gracious. D'Oyly Carte had made an innovation—he had introduced the queue system for the unreserved portions of the house. And the theatre was lit by electric light, a tremendous novelty.

'The operas flowed on in glorious stream: "Iolanthe", "Princess Ida", "The Mikado", "Ruddigore", "The Yeomen of the Guard", and "The Gondoliers". From 1881 to 1889 the Savoy was the home of English comic opera, the home of works which are immortal and which we know and love today.

'Then came a considerable bit of trouble, actually caused on account of the theatre itself. D'Oyly Carte put in a new carpet, and charged it up against general expenses. W. S. Gilbert objected, there was a tremendous rumpus, and that golden flood dried up at source, over what was indeed a trivial matter. Gilbert and Sullivan parted. They worked independently but never with the same success. Eventually, the two men who mixed so well did make it up, and contributed two more Savoy operas to their list—"Utopia Ltd." and "The Grand Duke". But the glory had departed.

'Yet the Savoy continued intermittently to stage British light opera and had successes with "The Princess of Kensington" and "Merrie England", with Sir Edward German as composer. In later years it has not had a settled policy, and plays of all kinds have been performed there. But there has been a splendid revival of the old favourite; it has been rebuilt and it carries on'.

AN ANGLO-SAXON ROYAL SETTLEMENT UNEARTHED

'The surviving heroic poetry of Anglo-Saxon times', said BRIAN HOPE-TAYLOR in a North of England Home Service talk, 'tells of great halls, richly hung, where there was feasting and minstrels sang. No trace of such structures had been found in Britain until the dark green rectangles appeared in the ripening oats of a field in Northumberland and were observed and photographed from the air. Each rectangle outlined an ancient timber building. The extra depth of soil in the foundation-trenches had allowed the plants growing over them to flourish, tall and dark, while the crop in the rest of the field was stunted by drought and ripened prematurely.

'In this way was revealed a royal Northumbrian settlement of the Dark Age, outlined in green on a golden background. For the Venerable Bede, writing in the eighth century, recorded that King Edwin of Northumbria, a century earlier, had his royal township at a place called



Sèvres porcelain pot, dating from 1763

Victoria and Albert Museum

Yeavinger—and this was Yeavinger. Here, Paulinus, a missionary sent from Rome to convert the pagan King to Christianity, preached to the people who flocked to him from far and wide. The site lies in the valley of the river Glen, in which, Bede tells us, the converts were baptised. And the buildings were laid out on the flattened top of a large glacial hummock which lies at a confluence of valleys—like a crouching animal guarding the route from the hills on the west to the fertile coastal plain on the east.

Here, it was evident, was a site of the utmost importance to British archaeology; but hardly had it been discovered when quarrying threatened to destroy it. Its excavation became an urgent necessity and the Ministry of Works took immediate action, entrusting me with the task of investigating and recording the remains—work made possible by the courtesy and kindness of the site's owner.

The results have surpassed our expectations, for the marks in the crop, astonishing and revealing though they were, left many features of the site undisclosed.

The focus of the township was the great hall of the palace. We have found not one such building but a great complex of seven structures representing different phases. The most impressive are four halls, each nearly a hundred feet long: two with a porch at each end; the others of simpler plan, but elaborately buttressed. Set about these main palace buildings were eleven smaller halls. Most were probably the private halls of noble retainers, but one appears to have been a native servants' house, and another a pagan temple later put to Christian purposes.

At one end of the field was an earthwork fortress. Two parallel ditches and a large, timbered, earthen bank girdled a large area, and within this was evidence of intensive activity.

But the most astonishing single structure of the royal settlement was not a residential building. It was, in modern terms, a grandstand; a massive thing of timber, its tiers rising from normal seat height, at its narrowed front, to about twenty-five feet high at its wide back. All the tiers were concentric arcs of circles, and the whole, viewed from above, looked like a wedge cut from a Roman amphitheatre.

It was not, however, the scene of spectacles such as bear-baiting, nor of plays. The attention of its assembly was focused on a little platform, on which not more than one man could stand or sit with dignity. Screened behind by a semi-circular wattle wall, which gave shelter from the wind and improved the acoustics, the platform was flanked by a pair of wattle screens—like the wings of a modern theatre. That this ambitious open-air building owed its form to a dim recollection of a Roman theatre seen—probably lying derelict—in England or on the Continent, can scarcely be doubted. But it was made to serve a different purpose.

Excavation has shown that it was radically enlarged some time after it was put up, and that it remained standing until the end of the site's occupation. It was therefore serving some permanent institution, and was not—as we were at first tempted to think—a temporary structure raised for Paulinus's missionary activities in A.D. 627. The evidence suggests that it was a place of assembly for law-giving and administration: to use the authentic term, a *moot*.

All this evidence of organisation, and even of grandiosity, combines with the heroic poetry and the elaborate jewellery to set the slums (which were formerly all we knew of Anglo-Saxon dwelling-places in England) into a truer perspective. There was clearly a

great cleavage between the members of the nobility, up at the hall, and the common man in his hovel.

SHAKESPEARE AND CLOPTON HOUSE

'To the north of Stratford, overlooking its huddlement of houses, is Welcombe Hill where Shakespeare once owned land', said DAVID LYTTON in 'Midlands Miscellany'. 'Among the trees stands Clopton House. There has been a house on that site since before William the Conqueror came conquering, and to write its history would be to write the history of Stratford itself. It was held by the Clopton family from the days of Henry III until the early part of the nineteenth century.

The first great name associated with it is that of Sir Hugh Clopton, once Lord Mayor of London, who built so much of the old Stratford, including the famous bridge across the Avon with its fourteen elegant arches. The house figures again in history during the reign of James I when it was leased to Ambrose Rookwood who made it the Warwickshire headquarters of the conspirators concerned in the Gunpowder Plot. Robert Catesby, Sir Edward Bushell, Mr. John Grant, Wright, Winter

—they exercised at arms in the October fields waiting for the word of Mr. Guy Fawkes. One is tempted to ask where was Mr. William Shakespeare during those ill-fated months of 1605. We know where his friend Ben Jonson was on the evening of October 9, dining with some of the leading men in the conspiracy in a house in the Strand. The document telling us this tells us also that there was one other unknown present; but before we catch his name or glimpse his face the swirls of history eddy and smoke across him and he is lost for ever.

It seems that Shakespeare could have personally known many of the conspirators involved in the plot. Some of them came from the area, some were married into local families. The connections are set out with a convin-

cing completeness in Mr. Leslie Hotson's book *I, William Shakespeare*. How well did he know the house from which they operated? On Mr. Hotson's evidence, he could have known it well. He himself owned a house which had formerly been in the possession of the Cloptons, and his friend and executor, Thomas Russell, once proposed to buy Clopton.

There is also a legend that the second scene of "The Taming of the Shrew" was suggested by an incident which took place at Clopton during the poet's lifetime; a variation of the tale is that the "Shrew" was performed in the great hall which has an ideal recessed alcove to accommodate Christopher and his bed. Certainly Marian Hackett, the fat ale-wife of Wincote, has been partially identified as having had existence near Stratford.

It is a pity that in Clopton House itself there is too bewildering an array of pictures and objects placed without reference to the order of the centuries. Sir Walter Raleigh in Zuccaro's likeness frowns upon the flamboyance of Titian across a fine example of an Adam room. A north American Indian's wood carving of the Emperor Napoleon turns its back distastefully upon a cabinet of Egyptian relics, smooth and urbane with the advantage in time. A Raphael Madonna consorts oddly with two Fragonard panels depicting the country pleasures of the Dubarry. The imagination leaps from here to there, through a succession of historical images each conjuring up some half-remembered fragment from laborious days in school. My plea to Clopton is to make it a little easier for the fancy to flow evenly on.



The dining-room of Clopton House, Stratford-upon-Avon. The portrait in the centre is of Sir Walter Raleigh

Truth and Fiction—I

Story, Theme, and Situation

The first of three talks on the novelist's craft by ELIZABETH BOWEN

WHAT is a novel? I say: an invented story. At the same time a story which, though invented, has the power to ring true. True to what? True to life as the reader knows life to be or, it may be, feels life to be. And I mean the adult, the grown-up reader. Such a reader has outgrown fairy tales, and we do not want the fantastic and the impossible. So I say to you at a novel must stand up to the adult tests of reality.

The Novelist's Imagination

You may say: 'If one wants truth, why not go to the literally true book? Biography or documentary, these amazing accounts of amazing experiences which people have'. Yes, but I am suggesting to you that there is a distinction between truth and so-called reality. What these people write in their accounts of happenings is actually and factually true, but the novel is not confining itself to what happened. The novel does not simply recount experience, it adds to experience. I hope you will see what I mean. It is not news at all, not anything sensational or spectacular. And here comes in what is the actual living spark of the novel: the novelist's imagination has a power of its own. It does not merely invent, it perceives. It intensifies, therefore it gives power, extra importance, greater truth, and greater inner reality to what well may be ordinary and everyday things.

So much is art—the art that, in common with poetry, drama, painting, and music, does, we all know, enter into the novel. But not less and not solely joined with the art is craft, and craft—craftsmanship—is solely and surely an essential for the writing of a novel. I have said the novel is story. It is the story aspect that I am talking about at present and now, and the craft of the novelist does lie first of all in story-telling.

What is a good story? I give you three things which strike me. First, it is simple—by which I mean straightforward, easy to grasp, and therefore liable to be well remembered. Do you think by stressing simplicity I perhaps simplify too much? Do we say, 'Ah, but what about such books as *The Brothers Karamazov*; would you call such a story simple?' No, I would not; it is full of halts and magnificent confusions—at least to me. And therefore by my definition I would call *The Brothers Karamazov* a great book, but not, in the craftsmanship sense, a good novel. The novelists out-and-out do recognise what is a good story. It is part of their craft to perceive what story is. Look at the brilliant in their choices—in their finding of stories—have been Dickens, Jane Austen, Balzac, Conrad, Hardy, Tolstoy, to name only a few of what we now call the classics. And, among contemporaries, is the same true of Graham Greene, or E. M. Forster, Joyce Cary, Hemingway, and many others who pass with you and of whom you will probably think now?

The next mark of a good story is, surely, its general interest. The good story, to put it as shortly as I can, turns upon some crisis, or problem, which would be of importance, intense importance, to us, to you and me in our own lives.

Then the third essential of the good story—a good story takes off well. It takes off from a situation which holds promise, or at any rate suggests that such a situation is to be. There I am generalising. I say to you that it is not fair to judge all novels, even the best, by their opening pages. But, speaking as a reader, I must say that I myself am tremendously influenced for or against a book by the manner of the opening, and that as a novelist myself I have put great stress and earnest into the openings of my own books. And though they are open to every criticism, I still would stand by the first two pages of most of the novels I ever wrote. However, to get to something more interesting and further from me, here are three examples of openings; I want you to notice that in each we get the seed of the character of the whole book from this first initial scene.

While the present century was in its teens, and on one sunshiny morning in June, there drove up to the great iron gate of Miss Pinkerton's academy for young ladies, on Chiswick Mall, a large family coach, with two fat horses in blazing harness, driven by a fat

coachman in a three-cornered hat and wig, at the rate of four miles an hour. A black servant, who reposed on the box beside the fat coachman, uncurling his bandy legs as soon as the equipage drew up opposite Miss Pinkerton's shining brass plate, and as he pulled the bell, at least a score of young heads were seen peering out of the narrow windows of the stately old brick house. Nay, the acute observer might have recognised the little red nose of good-natured Miss Jemima Pinkerton herself, rising over some geranium-pots in the window of that lady's own drawing-room.

'It is Mrs. Sedley's coach, sister', said Miss Jemima. 'Sambo, the black servant, has just rung the bell; and the coachman has a new red waistcoat'.

'Have you completed all the necessary preparations incident to Miss Sedley's departure, Miss Jemima?' asked Miss Pinkerton herself, that majestic lady; the Semiramis of Hammersmith, the friend of Doctor Johnson, the correspondent of Mrs. Chapone herself.

'The girls were up at four this morning, packing her trunks, sister' replied Miss Jemima; 'we have made her a bow-pot'.

'Say a bouquet, sister Jemima, 'tis more genteel'.

'Well, a booky as big almost as a hay-stack; I have put up two bottles of the gillyflower-water for Mrs. Sedley, and the receipt for making it, in Amelia's box'.

'And I trust, Miss Jemima, you have made a copy of Miss Sedley's account. This is it, is it? Very good—ninety-three pounds, four shillings'.

You will know that, I expect? The first page of *Vanity Fair*. What writing for the eye, isn't it? Doesn't that strike you? One is reminded that Thackeray was also a first-rate comic draughtsman, and do you notice how he whisks us from the outside into the inside of the house? Also what a foretaste: we know the note of the book. It is to be satire, you can see all those small, deft satirical flicks—the theme is going to be worldliness, success-mania and all its attendant absurdities. It is also magnificent stage setting; the stage is set. For whom? Who is to enter? Becky Sharp. I give you *Vanity Fair* as an extreme satirical example of one whole big group of fiction, the social novel.

Here is something totally different:

Hale knew, before he had been in Brighton three hours, that they meant to murder him. With his ink fingers and his bitten nails, his manner cynical and nervous, anybody could tell he didn't belong—belong to the early summer sun, the cool Whitsun wind off the sea, the holiday crowd. They came in by train from Victoria every five minutes, rocked down Queen's Road standing on the tops of the little local trams, stepped off in bewildered multitudes into fresh and glittering air: the new silver paint sparkled on the piers, the cream houses ran away into the west like a pale Victorian water-colour; a race in miniature motors, a band playing, flower gardens in bloom below the front, an aeroplane advertising something for the health in pale vanishing clouds across the sky.

It had seemed quite easy to Hale to be lost in Brighton. Fifty thousand people besides himself were down for the day, and for quite a while he gave himself up to the good day, drinking gins and tonics wherever his programme allowed. For he had to stick closely to a programme: from ten till eleven Queen's Road and Castle Square, from eleven till twelve the Aquarium and Palace Pier, twelve till one the front between the Old Ship and West Pier, back for lunch between one and two in any restaurant he chose round the Castle Square, and after that he had to make his way all down the parade to the West Pier and then to the station by the Hove streets. These were the limits of his absurd and widely advertised sentry go.

Undertow of Suspense

The first page of Graham Greene's *Brighton Rock*: straight off, we go into danger; the undertow of suspense and fear—the thing isolating one man from fifty thousand. Again wonderful scene-setting. You will have reacted to the immense contrast between the scene and the man; the irony of the band playing, the bright glistening paint, the Whitsun sunshine. This could be the opening of a first-rate thriller—and why not? Graham Greene's genius is contemporary; he is master of the technique which is in essence twentieth century. Tautness, quickness, and what Sartre has called the 'extreme situation'. There is something

in that technique in common with the cinema; something, yes, in common with the thriller; swift moving and for the eye; dry, anti-emotional. Yes, but there is more to this. Graham Greene is using all this quick technique, this sense of imminent danger, for a purpose of his own. He deals in danger, yes; but the danger is more than danger to the flesh—it is danger to the soul. So the crisis is internal. And Graham Greene's novels head what is now a prominent group of fiction—the novel of action—though indeed he would not be what he is if he dealt only with action in the outward, physical sense.

Now I want an opening in another period of time:

There was no possibility of taking a walk that day. We had been wandering, indeed, in the leafless shrubbery an hour in the morning; but since dinner (Mrs. Reed, when there was no company, dined early) the cold winter wind had brought with it clouds so sombre, and a rain so penetrating, that further out-door exercise was now out of the question.

I was glad of it: I never liked long walks, especially on chilly afternoons: dreadful to me was the coming home in the raw twilight, with nipped fingers and toes, and a heart saddened by the chidings of Bessie, the nurse, and humbled by the consciousness of my physical inferiority to Eliza, John, and Georgiana Reed.

The said Eliza, John, and Georgiana were now clustered round their mama in the drawing-room: she lay reclined on a sofa by the fireside, and with her darlings about her (for the time neither quarrelling nor crying) looked perfectly happy. Me, she had dispensed from joining the group; saying, 'She regretted to be under the necessity of keeping me at a distance; but that until she heard from Bessie, and could discover by her own observation that I was endeavouring in good earnest to acquire a more sociable and childlike disposition, a more attractive and sprightly manner—something lighter, franker, more natural as it were—she really must exclude me from privileges intended only for contented, happy, little children'.

'What does Bessie say I have done?' I asked.

Charlotte Brontë's opening into *Jane Eyre*. The key-note—immediate—and in how few words! We see the child Jane as life has already made her—solitary, sombre, isolated, unyielding. Exclusion seems to be her fate. But she does not sit down, you will notice, under injustice. Boldly she asks that point-blank question: 'What does Bessie say I have done?' This is to be the Jane of the after years; alone against the world and yet always flying her own flag.

Exile from Happiness

Charlotte Brontë, like Graham Greene, has used contrast to build up immediate drama. The exiled child on a bitterly cold day against the cosy, glowing family group in the firelight. This exile from happiness, is to repeat and repeat itself throughout the novel. *Jane Eyre* is one of the most outstanding of a third group again, the character novel, and that is not simply a novel in which character plays a great part—because character does that in all novels—but one in which the story is architected round a single person, and one in which, usually, such persons show power to influence their own destiny so that the story springs from them. Things happen because of what they are and what they do. In themselves they precipitate situations. You will think of innumerable other examples of the character novel, *David Copperfield*, *Madame Bovary*, *Tom Jones*.

It seems to me today that we have fewer character novels. Is that because, do you think, we are less now concerned with individuals' destiny, or is it because the social novel with the questions it brings up, or the action novel with its clear-cut issues, appeals more to our kind of imagination?

There is a tremendous further thing in the story. I do not mean by 'story' simply the 'plot'—the outline of the happenings. There must be story in that sense: cause and effect, the keeping of suspense in play; the 'what next?' element. But something else is necessary to the story if the novel is to have the proportions it should have. We need a theme—an inner subject. The theme is what the novel is about, and, still more, it is the reason for the novel. You may know how difficult it is, if you are impressed by a book you are reading, and somebody says: 'What is it about?' You outline the superficial plot or story and your friend may say: 'Well, I've heard of all that before'. And really in order to convey the effect that the novel is having on you, you would have to plunge a degree more deeply and find words, if you could, if you had time, for the underlying idea which gives the reason why the story should be told, and the reason why the story is important and hits you.

I think that in almost all cases the theme, or the idea, of the novel

has come first of all to the mind of the author, and he has shaped his plot in order to express it and conceives of his characters in terms of it. It is the kindling spark—the ignition spark—that is in his mind when he says: 'I've got an idea for a story!'

Let us consider some themes: *Vanity Fair* we have touched on—worldliness, its absurdities. Of *Brighton Rock*, one would say guilt and the danger which it involves. Other themes: conscience in Trollope's *The Warden*, and recently, in a novel of this year, Angus Wilson's *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes*. Love of power: *Emma*, *Barchester Towers*—and, in France, in many of the Balzac stories; in contemporary Britain almost all of the Ivy Compton-Burnett novels. Self-deception: *Great Expectations*, and, again, *Emma*. (Often a novel may have a dual theme.) Self-redemption: *Lord Jim*; *The Power and the Glory*. Frustration: *Jude the Obscure*. Real versus unreal values: *Howard's End*, and, indeed, I think all the E. M. Forster novels.

Two Attributes of the Theme

Two attributes the theme must have: the moral element, because it is through the theme that the novelist makes his evaluations or shows some new aspect of truth which has struck him: and again the theme must be deeply submerged in the story. If a theme or idea is too near the surface, the novel becomes simply a tract illustrating an idea. I do not mean theme in that way. It is something of which you will feel the effects and which works strongly for the novelist but which is down so deep that you may have to analyse the story to find what it actually is.

Besides theme, the story must have another thing: situation. The situation is something more than a series of episodes and happenings through which the story moves. There is nearly always an overall situation which is a 'controlling' thing. Often it is a situation between two persons: the unhappy passion of Anna and Vronsky in *Anna Karenina*, or in *Wuthering Heights* the stronger-than-death tie between Catherine and Heathcliff. There are endless variants of this situation between two persons which maintains through a book. For instance enslavement—or disillusionment. But the situation can also be a circumstance. It can be the situation of somebody being extremely poor and being thrust into some kind of behaviour because of it. It can be a craving for education as in *Jude the Obscure*, or the idealisation of a great house and family as in Evelyn Waugh's *Brideshead Revisited*. And throughout Proust's long masterpiece there is his absorption in his own romantic conceptions of person after person who comes his way. I would call that situation.

I have said only exceedingly few of the things which could be said about the aspect of the novel as story. I have said that though the story is invented it must ring true through the power of imagination which is something higher than invention. It has a form of vision which makes for a peculiar truth. I have said that not only art but craftsmanship is necessary for the bringing alive of story, and that the story besides its plot—however well built and exciting—must have an internal theme, and must hinge round some overall situation which must clearly be an interesting one. It is the presence of theme above all which demarcates the novel, and the greater the theme and the more imaginatively it is worked out the greater the novel.

There are excellent forms of story, like the detective story or thriller which do not claim to have theme. We react to and we enjoy the sheer suspense element and the quick action. But I think the failure of them—the failure of a really important inside idea—shows in the kind of novel which is inferior. It is hard to say why: the story may be good, the characters may be amusingly touched in, but if at the end of a novel we put it down and it evaporates from our minds—if then we care to go back and see why that book has seemed less important and not worth more than the few hours which it entertained us—we will almost always find that the novelist has not had either a conception or a grasp of something inner, underlying important idea. And those ideas can be worked out perfectly well in comedy and satire. I do not want to leave in your minds the idea that a novel must be pompous or didactic.

Finally, you may say: 'Do you confine the novel to something which has an evident outward story?' And you will bring up some of the most interesting experiments of this century in which we live, it works, say, of Kafka or of James Joyce. I say that there is always story in a novel, but it may be on some different and unexpected plane: it may be psychological, emotional, or internal. And I cannot think of a better example of psychological story than the culminating masterpiece of James Joyce—*Ulysses*. It moves forward; it moves throughout a day—and the test of a story is that it does move forward.

—Home Service

Angkor: City of the Jungle

By MICHAEL SULLIVAN

WE had driven the jeep down a long narrow track through the jungle and come to a small clearing. The giant banyan trees reached up overhead; creepers, like ropes, trailed from their sides, and other smaller creepers crept up them. Our eyes travelled up to the explosion of branches far above and down the gleaming trunks; their roots, like gigantic silver snakes, were holding the ruins of Ta Prohm in their grip.

The temple had been left by the French archaeologists just as they found it: its great stones split apart by creepers, held poised in mid-air by the roots of the banyan, or lying moss-grown on the green jungle floor. This is how the naturalist Henri Mouhot first saw Angkor Wat itself ninety-five years ago, at the end of his long journey through unexplored Indo-China. As we stepped carefully among the fallen stones and into the dark battened galleries, we could imagine how the legend of a race who had emerged from nowhere, created these vast monuments, and then softly and gently vanished away to the jungle.

Suddenly there was a sound behind us. We turned, and to our astonishment saw in the distance a group of young men and boys, standing silently with their crossbows. I smiled tentatively. They saw my camera, promptly formed up in line, pointed their crossbows into the air as if about to fire a salute, and grinned from ear to ear. The shutter clicked, and they trotted off happily down a jungle path. The confusion, it seemed for a moment, was shattered. Here were the Khmer people—or their descendants—who appeared and disappeared so mysteriously. But when they had gone it became so quiet that one could almost hear the great trees tighten their grip on Ta Prohm. We climbed back into the jeep and left.

First impressions are always the deepest. I had come not only to form impressions but also to try to find the answers to questions that had been in my mind: to the obvious question that everyone asks about Angkor, why this civilisation seems to have collapsed so suddenly; and to some more technical ones, too, arising out of our work in south-east Asian art and archaeology in the University of Malaya. During the 500 years between about A.D. 800 and 1300 the Khmer people constructed an enormous number of temples in that region of southern Indo-China which lies north and west of the Tonle Sap, the Great Lake. In 802 King Jayavarman II—they all took Indian-

sounding names—founded his first capital and called it Hariharayana, the city of the dual deity Shiva-Vishnu. This was the beginning of the Khmer empire. He excavated a great reservoir and built his cult temple in the centre of the city. As pious Hindus, the Khmer rulers had adopted the Indian concept of the *cakravartin*, the Universal Monarch, whose rule on earth is the reflection of the divine rule of God. Each ruler

built for himself a gigantic shrine as the centre and focal point of his capital. It was a symbol of his power, the axis about which his empire, both spiritual and temporal, revolved, the shrine of Shiva or Vishnu, and, when the king died, it became his own funerary temple. As Khmer power grew, the shrines too became more grand and more complex, till the cult of the *cakravartin* reached its climax in the twelfth century in the colossal pile of Angkor Wat.

The religious ideas that inspired these vast buildings were Indian—the product of the most complex and profound metaphysical system that the world has yet evolved. For me the most compelling question about Khmer art was simply this: did the Khmer people, who had

so recently emerged from the jungle, actually understand these ideas? It would have been strange if they had. But if they did not, how could they produce architecture of such grandeur and complexity? Its grandeur is obvious to the most insensitive visitor. But was it as subtle and complex as it appeared?

In fact, the elements that go to make up these great temples are simple: a small square shrine big enough to hold a single cult image, roofed with a corbelled vault and capped by a tall pyramidal tower. As time went on the shrine acquired porches; three, four, or five towers might be grouped on a platform, linked by galleries, and raised up on a great plinth or pyramid. No matter how large the monuments became, these essential elements, the shrine, the porch, the gallery, the pyramid, never changed or developed very much. It was, architecturally speaking, a restricted repertoire.

In the beginning, shrines were generally built of bricks, each welded to its neighbour by a paper-thin layer of mortar so fine and hard that they cannot be split apart. The formula has not been discovered; it may be the same mixture of honey, hair, and boiled cowhide which the Siamese architects used. Sometimes the brick walls were sculptured with reliefs of gods, goddesses, and angels of the Hindu pantheon cut with a delicacy that suggests that



Mowers in front of the ruins of Angkor Wat, Cambodia. Below: faces carved on the towers of the Bayon temple



the style originated in the native art of wood-carving. Lintels, pilasters, and niches are delicately ornamented in stucco, and the effect of these early shrines is elegant and simple. But while the shrines themselves are small, they may, with their enclosing walls, moats, and gateways, form a complex extending over several acres.

Jayavarman II, who created this first capital at Hariharayala and another in the Kulen hills away to the north, started work on yet another city before he died: he called it Amarendrapura. This city has almost entirely disappeared because 200 years later another king, Suryavarman I, chose the site for a gigantic artificial lake, five miles long and two miles wide, which was dug to supply water for his capital at Angkor Thom. Now most of Amarendrapura lies under ten feet of water. Recently French divers have been down and have brought up stone columns and bronze images from the lake bed; there is now a plan to explore the whole of the floor of the lake with naval frogmen, then drain it, excavate the remains of Amarendrapura, and finally fill it up again, to make it once more the reservoir for a great irrigation scheme as it was 1,000 years ago. Ak Yom, the cult temple of Amarendrapura, was completely engulfed in the enormous embankment thrown up when the lake was dug, and the French archaeologist Trouvé, who discovered and cleared it in 1932, had literally to blast away the embankment with dynamite. When I visited Ak Yom last year, the jungle had already begun to reclaim it.

By no means all the Khmer temples are at Angkor. I have mentioned the ruins of the early capital in the Kulen hills. Far to the north, on the edge of a great escarpment looking out across the Siamese frontier, lies the vast pile of Pra Vihear. It is almost impossible to reach from the south, and with no protection or care its endless galleries crumble slowly away, prey to the jungle and to the marauders who are gradually stripping it of its sculpture and carrying it away across the frontier. The jungle of Cambodia is so thick and impenetrable that some shrines, such as the exquisite Banteai Srei, which lie only twenty miles from the city of Angkor Thom, were not discovered and surveyed until many years' work had been done at Angkor itself.

We drove out to Banteai Srei on a dusty track, past villages of wooden huts on stilts. Each hut is set apart from its neighbour, its neatly fenced garden dotted with mounds built by the termites which wage ceaseless war on the ordinary ants, ambushing them and biting them in two. At the sound of the jeep, beautiful children ran out with little bunches of flowers to sell to us. Banteai Srei stands in a clearing in the jungle. If it were not for the constant efforts of the Conservation Department the jungle would engulf it in a few months. Its three sandstone towers and their attendant 'libraries' are enclosed in a wall and gateway. The temple nestles there in its clearing, exquisitely carved, perfectly restored, like a jewel against green velvet. The scale is miniature; doors are so small that one must stoop to pass through them; the carvings show gods and goddesses, scenes from the Hindu epic the Ramayana, endless floral scrolls, as delicate and crisp as if they were done in ivory. Many of the temples at Angkor are magnificent; some of them, like Angkor Wat and the Bayon, are awe-inspiring to the point of oppressiveness. Banteai Srei alone makes one feel that its creation was a labour of love; that it was built for the sheer joy of making something beautiful. Perhaps its wonderful delicacy is due to the fact that it was built not for a king but for a woman, the wife of Jayavarman V.

Built in the twelfth century by Suryavarman II, Angkor Wat inspires no such feeling of delight. It must be one of the most formidable buildings in the world. Vast and complex as it appears to be, it in fact

achieves its monumental quality by the masterly use of those few elements I mentioned: towered shrine, porch, gallery, and pyramid. At Angkor Wat all are brought together in a triumphant composition. Here the central tower is raised on a level even higher than that of the corner towers, and linked with the four innermost gateways by sharply ascending galleries. Thus, on the top of the great plinth, itself a vast pyramid surrounded by galleries, there stands this culminating pyramid of five great towers. Yet with all this monumental piling up of stone the details are exquisite. Rows of dancing apsaras are cut in relief on the walls; the lower gallery, 2,000 yards in circumference, is carved throughout its length with scenes from great Hindu classics, the Mahabharata and Ramayana; doorways are surrounded with mouldings as fine as those on the Erechtheion; their delicacy is hard to appreciate only because the whole building is carried out not in glowing Pentelic marble

but in a dead-grey sandstone that soaks up the sunlight without reflecting it.

One evening I sat alone on the upper terrace for several hours while the sun went down. The stones were cooling. Siamese Buddhist monks were returning to their temple nearby, their saffron robes a dash of vivid colour on the long grey causeway leading westwards to the moat. Soon the inevitable bats were flitting out of the cavernous galleries, and down below the shadows of the palm tree were creeping across the ground. I could not help thinking of the Khmer empire impoverished in the creating of these colossal buildings, of men taken from the soil, of the produce of 3,000 villages dedicated to the upkeep of a single shrine—and, finally, of the essentially primitive character of



Carving on the temple of Banteai Srei in the Cambodian jungle

the people for whom these temples were built. They had borrowed from India the basic form of the Hindu temple and many of its details. Out of them they had fashioned a style that is purely Cambodian, both in its virtues and in its limitations. If they followed the Indian architect manuals, the *Sastras*, they surely could not have understood what lay behind them.

It is this that gives Khmer architecture its strangely disquieting quality, this discrepancy between the grandeur and complexity of its monuments and the poverty of the ideas that inspired them. The temples at Angkor achieve their effect—Angkor Wat itself not excepted—by the monumental repetition of a few elementary architectural ideas. The grandeur is in the repetition, not in the elements themselves. The *sikara* tower of an Indian temple is a perfect thing in itself, a plastic formula to express the ineffable. The towers of Angkor Wat, I found, were not significant of anything in their profile and proportions; they are merely colossal. The metaphysical basis of the Indian temple, in which a whole cosmology is translated into architecture, must, one feels, have been beyond the intellectual grasp of the Khmer people. The idea of the World Ruler, the *cakravartin*, the desire for a memorial that would endure for ever were easy enough to apprehend, and it was these concepts rather than the subtler aspects of Hindu metaphysics which seem to have inspired the great Khmer monuments.

Often people compare Angkor Wat with that other great south-east Asian monument, Barabudur in central Java, generally to the detriment of the Javanese one. But really no comparison is possible. While Angkor Wat is far larger and more dramatic, in the notions it embodies it is much more primitive building. Barabudur, on the other hand, is little more than a great hill of stone, of rising galleries sculptured with reliefs and crowned by a *stupa*. But it is the visible embodiment of architecture and sculpture of the whole Buddhist metaphysics. It is a *mandala*, a kind of cosmic diagram in stone, so planned that by contemplating it—which means not merely looking at it, but circling and ambulating in succession its ascending galleries—one achieves

progressive psychical awakening, culminating, on the topmost terraces, in complete liberation of the spirit.

Barabudur in Java is a supreme achievement of the intellect and the imagination, the more remarkable for having no counterpart in India itself. There is nothing of this at Angkor. The beauty of many of its shrines—of Banteai Samre, for instance—has something almost theatrical about it. The vast size of the buildings, their walls and gateways carved with gigantic faces, their railings adorned with serpents, is dramatic and startling. What they leave in the memory is not the ideas that inspired them but the total visual effect.

But the effect is unforgettable. One may remember the site of the royal palace, whose stone terrace is carved throughout its 300 yards with life-size elephants in relief; or Angkor Wat, its towers mirrored in the lotus-filled pools that flank the causeway; or the Bayon, that fantastic pile, half architecture, half sculpture, with its 100 huge faces of Lokesvara looking out north, south, east, and west over the jungle. Our conception of Khmer architecture tends to be dominated by these great monuments; all else, the towns and villages, even the royal palace itself, was of wood and has long since vanished. There is a common

belief that, when Angkor fell to the Siamese in the fourteenth century, the Khmer people simply melted away into the forests, and that Khmer civilisation vanished with them.

But the descendants of the men who dug the great canals and raised the stones of Angkor are still there; some of them are restoring the shrines that their ancestors had built, or ploughing their fields into those beautiful elliptical patterns which are so distinctive a feature of the Cambodian countryside when you see it from the air. From the air, too, one can see their countless villages, not huddled and fortified as they are in Viet-Nam, but strung out lazily along a road, or lining the banks of a river, each little garden fed by its delicate bamboo water-wheel. The coming of the Siamese in the fourteenth century did not destroy Khmer civilisation, but it did free the Khmer people from the tyranny of their own rulers and from the burden of building and maintaining these colossal shrines. For the last 500 years, guided by the gentler tenets of Hinayana Buddhism, they have lived a quiet peasant life among the ruins. Now that Cambodia is a nation once more, perhaps they are dreaming that one day their ancient grandeur will return.

—Third Programme

My Uncle—A. J. Balfour

By LADY EVE BALFOUR

MY Uncle, Arthur Balfour (known to three generations as 'A.J.B.'), is remembered by the world as one of the great Victorians, but I want here to show him to you through the eyes of a child.

His mother, who was my grandmother, was a sister of the great Lord Salisbury, and she had eight children in ten years (five sons and three daughters). Only two of the sons married—Gerald, who was my father, and Eustace. A.J. was the eldest, and so inherited Whittingehame, the family property in the Scottish Lowlands. Being a bachelor, and so having no family of his own, he adopted, in a manner of speaking, both our family and Uncle Eustace's, so that it became the habit for all of us to spend seven months of the year at Whittingehame where we lived like brothers and sisters of one huge family. There were eleven of us altogether, six in my family and five in the other; of all these, four were especially important to my childhood—my two eldest sisters and the two youngest girl cousins. Only eighteen months separated the eldest from the youngest of these four, and they were such inseparable companions that they were known collectively, both to one another and to all the rest of the family, as 'Us-Four', a grammatical error of speech which withstood all my father's attempts to correct it.

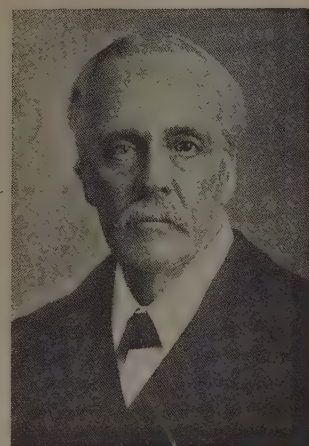
The eldest was my sister Ruth, a studious and somewhat literal-minded person with a delayed-action sense of humour which made pulling her leg an irresistible pleasure: next, my cousin Joan—a keen horsewoman with a liking for fashionable society: then my sister Nell who was the athlete; she was always very much on the spot—one did not try to hoodwink her: and, last, my cousin Alison, who was practical, and preferred doing things with her hands to any intellectual pursuit. Although so completely different in temperament these four agreed, besides their corporate name, a kind of corporate personality, and if I were asked to say which two personalities, other than my parents, had had the greatest influence on my education and upbringing, I should say at once, 'Minkie, as we all called her, and Us-Four.

Our childhood at Whittingehame was a wonderful carefree existence. But it was also quite tough. There is no education to beat the teaching of other children a little older than oneself, but in a large family it can be rather a survival of the fittest. Harmony predominated among us, however, because whatever our internal rivalries and sometimes quarrels, the centre of existence for every one of us was the same. Like the different spokes of a wheel, our lives revolved round the same hub—

A.J. Because he was the most important person in our lives, we automatically thought of him as *the* most important person—period. I remember when I was quite small taking it for granted that the hill behind Edinburgh was called Arthur's Seat after my Uncle Arthur.

Like most large families who have both the facilities and the freedom to run wild, we were an adventurous lot. We certainly had the facilities: A.J. provided ponies for us all to ride and drive, and the loveliest sea shore I know—and in those days one of the most deserted—was only six miles away; the heather-covered Lammermuir hills were even closer, and if one wanted adventure still nearer home there was always the trout burn running through the policies, or the home farm, or the many

tenant farms. Before I decided, at the age of twelve, to become a farmer myself, horses and swimming were my main passions in life, so the frequent riding expeditions to the sea are among my most exhilarating memories. No check was put on our many adventures for the simple reason that we were rarely accompanied by our elders, and we constantly took risks with life and limb that appal me to think of today. But even when we were not taking risks we were getting into scrapes, or



Arthur James Balfour (1848-1930)



Whittingehame House in the Scottish Lowlands: a photograph taken in snow

avoiding—by the skin of our teeth—scrapes we ought to have been getting into. In fact, looking back, it seems to me that almost everything we did consisted of things that had at all costs to be concealed from the 'grown ups'.

Confidant and Oracle

The grown ups consisted of every member of the elder generation except A.J. We retailed all our sins and secrets to him, often exaggerating our more daring exploits in order to make a better story: such adventures, for instance, as getting cut off on outlying rocks by the incoming tide, and having to swim for our lives through the dangerous currents that we knew had nearly drowned the uncles when they were children; or near-serious accidents with a temperamental horse, one quite unsuited to children, which would certainly have been sold if our parents had known what it was like. So far as I know—and I am fairly certain about this for dire consequences would certainly have followed otherwise—A.J. never once betrayed our confidence.

I can only guess at the explanation for this exceptional trustworthiness, from a child's point of view. It was due partly, I think, to his own outlook on life, which remained youthful to his dying day. Even at eighty he was still eagerly looking forwards, never backwards, and he was never shaken in his belief that the younger generation was better than the one before. This outlook gave him an extraordinarily sympathetic understanding of the young.

Whatever the reason, A.J. managed to be both an oracle and a contemporary to his horde of nieces. When A.J. was at home (between parliamentary sessions) Us-Four shared most of his leisure hours, playing golf with him, playing tennis with him, embroidering family jokes for him, discussing everything under the sun with him. We younger ones were ardent hangers on, picking up the crumbs of wisdom and nonsense—there was a lovely lot of nonsense—and terribly proud when featuring in the latest exploit or crime, or even when ordered by Us-Four to come and field tennis balls: a task I firmly refused if they were alone, but eagerly accepted if A.J. was there, because everything was fun if he was in it, and it was wonderful to watch him playing. By the amateur standards of that day, Us-Four were good players, Nell and Joan particularly, yet even after seventy A.J. could still take them both on in a threesome, and beat them, through the skill of his placing. Tall, erect, silver haired, he would stand in one spot in the court, hardly ever having to move a foot, and keep his two youthful opponents tearing all over the court to return his ball, which they never seemed able to place beyond his reach.

The best times of all were the Christmas holidays and the New Year celebrations, when more uncles and aunts and cousins, and members of the young third generation, joined the family party. Then all the old family jokes were retailed again, and new ones added. Family talk leapt from the profound to the ridiculous with, at any rate to the outsider, bewildering rapidity, and my Father and A.J. acted like the positive and negative poles which kept it all sparking, because their approach to everything was so different. My Father had the type of scientifically enquiring mind which was always logical and factual, but A.J. was capable at times of a soaring imagination.

Magical Note-case

Here is a small incident that illustrates the difference between them. Do you remember those flat note-cases, where you put a treasury note between the covers, shut them, then opened them again to find the note mysteriously held beneath crossed ribbons? You do not see them nowadays, but we were delighted with them when they first came out and were the first to show one to the uncles. My Father examined it slowly and methodically, observed how it worked, and said, 'Very ingenious'. A.J. said 'Please don't show me how it works. I'd much rather think it was magic'.

Of course we were not always just a family party. Visitors, for weekends and for longer periods, were constantly coming and going. They included all the most notable political figures of the day, as well as scientists, explorers, musicians, soldiers and sailors, and members of every other conceivable profession. I remember among them Henri Bergson the French philosopher; Lord Kitchen; the Asquiths—they often came; Winston Churchill as a young man (the first time I ever saw Sir Winston, by the way, he was performing exquisite swallow dives into a lake at another uncle's home). Donald Tovey, the musician, was a frequent visitor, both at Whittingehame and at my parents' house; long, lanky, and so slow of speech you thought he would never get to

the end of his sentence, but an inspired genius the moment he sat down to a piano. There were the Cecil relations, especially Lord Robert Cecil (now Viscount Cecil), who was a perpetual delight to children because of his habit of looking at you very solemnly, and then, apparently without moving a muscle of his face, violently waggling his long nose from side to side with lightning rapidity—a unique gift. I remember, too, a visit of the Archbishop of Canterbury of the day, who, while playing a round of golf with A.J. on the small private course that surrounded the house, swung his club for a drive while standing on the edge of a steep bank, overbalanced and fell headlong into a rhododendron bush below. A.J. was so convulsed by laughter that I had to retire out of earshot, leaving Joan, who was caddying, to haul the Archbishop out by his gaitered legs.

As a child my principal contact with these distinguished guests was at lunch time, when we younger ones ate at a side table and sat straining our ears to miss nothing that went on at the big table, and I now realise that this eavesdropping formed far the most important part of my education. It was an age of good conversation, and at Whittingehame where, at meals, general conversation was the rule, it was both an art and a sport as practised when A.J. was present. The skill with which he would catch an awkward conversational ball and return it, in a witty phrase, to any player who had been discomfited or worsted in an argument, was one of his most lovable gifts. Another was his genius not only for putting a shy or nervous visitor at his ease but for bringing out the very best in him of which he was capable, so that at the end of the conversation the visitor left with the satisfying feeling that it was he who had talked brilliantly. There was no subject, you see, that did not genuinely interest A.J., from the most profound to the most trivial, and he was so well informed on the essentials of so wide a range of subjects that everyone was eager to talk their own shop to him, however technical it might be, and whatever the age or the degree of knowledge of the person concerned.

'Be Your Genuine Self'

But it was not only listening to the talk of experts that taught me so much. It was also something much subtler, something absorbed unconsciously from the quality of A.J.'s remarkable mind and personality. He was never unkind or impatient with ignorance, or even stupidity. The only thing I ever knew him to be intolerant about was hypocrisy or affectation. Be your genuine self, whatever that self might be, and he was flatteringly interested in your views. He would gently correct statements that were too wildly wide of the facts or made with an excess of youthful dogmatism, but he never squashed your enthusiasm or made you feel small or a fool. Even when he laughed at you you loved him for it, because, in the way in which he did it, you could always share the joke. Here, to end with, is a typical example of this.

When I was in my early twenties, I collaborated with a friend in the perpetration of a detective novel, which actually got published. Of course I sent A.J. a copy. Some of my literary relations of his generation were most scathing about it (I may say that I was neither surprised nor annoyed by this) but here is part of the letter of thanks I received from A.J.

... I note with pleasure the steady improvement which marks the character of the family literature. It began in 1879 at a terribly low level, with *Philosophic Doubt*. [That was, of course, his own book.] It developed through the scientific monographs of your Uncle Frank. It then showed signs of Higher Life in odds and ends of Biography, Travel and Theology. It has now blossomed into the only kind of writing really worth bothering about—that, namely, which gives much pleasure, and no instruction!

—Home Service

The characters in *Springtime, Tales of the Café Rieu* by J. B. Morel (Constable, 15s.) are young Parisians, whose habitual state is 'that kind of poverty which, to the young and healthy, is the source of perpetual jesting'. They are all of them bohemians—one is a poster artist, one an actor, one a poet, and so on—and their meeting place is a *café* on the frontier between the world of the university and the world of Montparnasse. Their escapades are amusingly described, and the tales are notable less for the substance of their plots than for the artistry with which they are told and the human feeling underlying them.

The Rede lecture given by John Betjeman on *The English Town in the Last Hundred Years* has been published by the Cambridge University Press, price 3s. 6d.

Marriage, Real and Legal

By G. B. BENTLEY

PART XII of the Report of the Royal Commission on Marriage and Divorce* deals with a fascinating subject: the bearing on matrimonial causes of private international law. It seems that at present there is lack of reciprocity between countries in accepting one another's decrees of nullity and divorce. This gives rise to what is called the 'limping' marriage: that is, a marriage which is regarded in one country as null, or as having been dissolved, but in another as valid and subsisting; and the 'limping' marriage (it is maintained) causes a good deal of hardship, in that a person who marries after obtaining a decree of divorce or nullity in one country may find himself prosecuted for bigamy in another, while the children of the marriage may be held to be illegitimate. In order to prevent such hardship, as far as can be done unilaterally, the Commission makes comprehensive recommendations for enlarging the jurisdiction of English and Scots courts and their power to recognise foreign decrees.

Apart from its great technical interest, the discussion of these matters sheds considerable light on the legal notion of marriage; and one passage in particular was to me something of a revelation. After making a recommendation about jurisdiction in cases of nullity, the Commission acknowledges that, if its recommendation were accepted, the court might be called upon to declare marriages void on grounds not recognised by English and Scots domestic law. For instance, it might have to treat a marriage as voided by miscegenation, which is a ground in the Union of South Africa and in some American States, but not here. 'We do not', the Commission then observes, 'regard that as a valid objection to our proposal, inasmuch as the court's decree is merely declaratory of the position under the personal law of the parties'—the personal law being the law of the country with which the parties are most intimately connected. And, in the Commission's judgement, to declare the position under the personal law is to endorse 'what in fact is the truth'.

Validity, within Human Law

The revealing thing here is not so much what the Report says as what it does not say. It completely ignores the kind of question that occurred to me when I read the passage, and that must have occurred to other readers: for instance 'Can difference of race and colour void a marriage? Is the state competent to make such difference an invalidating impediment? Or is an enactment to that effect *ultra vires* because against the law of nature?' Presumably the Commission was well aware of such questions. Did it then feel that they were irrelevant to a discussion of legal marriage? At any rate there is no hint in the Report that the validity of marriage may depend on something more ultimate than human law; and that is very significant indeed.

It appears, in fact, that the terms 'validity' and 'nullity' have radically changed their meaning since they emerged from their original context in canon law and passed into use in the civil courts. In canon law they constantly refer to a reality of marriage which is believed to transcend law—a reality which may be called 'metaphysical'. Since neither law nor court is omniscient or infallible, it is not claimed that his reality is always accurately represented in legal judgements; but the canonical ideal is to make the legal correspond with the real. In the present law of England, on the contrary, the metaphysical reality is wholly ignored; 'validity' and 'nullity' refer to status before the law and to nothing beyond that.

This would be a rash thing to say if the only proof that could be produced were Part XII of this Report, because it is arguable that the court may make occasional concessions to the exigencies of the international situation without compromising domestic law. But that is not the only evidence by any means. There are many indications, not only in this Report, but also in the practice of the courts, that the concepts of 'validity' and 'nullity' have deteriorated. There is no need to spend time reviewing them, however. It is enough to point out that 'validity' and 'nullity' were bound to change their meaning as soon as divorce, in the modern sense of dissolution of the marriage bond, was admitted into matrimonial law. Indeed, the whole conception of

marriage was bound to change. The change becomes more apparent as time passes and the leaven of divorce permeates the legal lump; but it began to operate inevitably the moment it was claimed that marriage could be dissolved by human action.

A Metaphysical Union

Canon law had been governed by the belief that the union of man and woman in marriage is more than legal, more than carnal, more even than moral and spiritual; that it is, as I have said, metaphysical. In this conception of marriage husband and wife are (to use the scriptural words) no more twain, but one flesh; they have been incorporated into each other in a manner which is analogous to the incorporation of the baptized into Christ. Another way of putting it is to say that, when they made the gift of self, either to other, God ratified their act, so that thereafter the vinculum uniting them was grounded in His will, not merely in theirs. Such a vinculum is necessarily indissoluble by human action. No one can get at a metaphysical union to dissolve it: what God has made one, man is powerless to divide. Hence the saying that divorce is not wrong but impossible. No matter what human courts may decree, 'Whosoever putteth away his wife, and marieth another, committeth adultery; and whosoever marieth her that is put away from her husband committeth adultery'.

In the nature of things there can be no 'evidence' either for or against the existence of this kind of union. Either you believe in it on the authority of Christ and the Scriptures or you do not believe in it at all. But where it is believed in, it dominates matrimonial law. If there is a world of metaphysical unions, then it is the business of law to conform to it as closely as it can. That explains the concern of canon law with validity and nullity. If the vinculum, once forged, is outside human control, the question whether it has in fact been forged is of no small importance.

But see what happens when we admit divorce. To make marriage dissoluble is to say that the vinculum is merely a legal tie, under human control; and that is to deny that there is metaphysical union or that the parties are joined together by God. The effect is to inaugurate a new world of legal marriages which has no necessary relation at all to the world of real unions. Indeed, one might almost call it a fairyland. In it adultery can magically cease to be adultery by decree of the court, and then either continue in the guise of fornication, or be further transformed into marital intercourse—all without any change whatever in the behaviour of the man and woman concerned. Where metamorphosis of this kind is not only possible but quite commonly met with, the question whether a genuine vinculum exists in any given case loses most of its point, and the term 'nullity' takes on an increasingly academic ring. The technical distinction between nullity and divorce remains, that for nullity the cause must have existed when the contract was made. (Though even that was forgotten in 1937, when wilful refusal of consummation was made a ground of voidability.) But in practice a decree of nullity and a decree of divorce often have the appearance of being alternative means to the same end, *viz.*, the relief of an injured party. It is significant that the Commission, after discussing nullity in Part II of the Report, went on to head Part III with the title 'Other Remedies'.

Matrimonial Law as an Instrument of Policy

As for matrimonial law, once it has been freed from any obligation to conform to reality, it becomes an instrument of policy, which can be shaped as state and society desire. In this country, so far, policy has been influenced by memories of Christian doctrine; and one can detect in the law a certain tension between the tendency of dissoluble legal marriage to develop according to its own logic and a surviving impulse to encourage lifelong monogamy. This impulse is still strong enough to preserve a definition of marriage which requires an intention of lifelong monogamy for validity. 'On entering marriage', the Commission says, explaining Lord Penzance's dictum, 'husband and wife must intend that their mar-

riage shall be for life'. This justifies a presumption that, unless either party has another spouse living, legal marriage will entail metaphysical union also. That is why the Church cannot simplify its disciplinary problem by refusing to recognise legal marriage altogether. But it is important to note that the metaphysical union which may result from legal marriage is completely ignored by the law. The law treats the marriage of divorced persons as in no respect inferior to a first marriage, free from all impediments.

'A Good Piece of Work'

Into this strange world of legal marriages the Royal Commission was compelled by its terms of reference to enter. Although it wanted to find ways of promoting lifelong monogamy, it had to accept the dissolubility of marriage as a datum, and so was debarred from appealing to metaphysical reality. In these circumstances it did a good piece of work. But one can see in the Report the same struggle between logic and policy that one can see in the existing law. The logic of purely legal marriage shows itself, for instance, in the proposals for tidying up the international scene and preventing 'limping' marriages. There it does not seem to have been opposed. It shows itself again in proposals to make the doctrine of the breakdown of marriage the principle of divorce; but here resistance develops in the shape of a conservatism which, because it is denied the appeal to reality, often seems less impressive in argument than the other side. On the whole conservatism seems to have prevailed in the Commission. In other words, the Commission's positive purpose proved stronger than the tendency of legal marriage to develop on its own lines.

It is not at all easy for those who hold the metaphysical doctrine to know how to approach a report of this kind. Should they take the line that, since in their belief marriage cannot be dissolved, they have no criteria by which to judge the merits of a divorce law? That would mean confining their attention to recommendations that have nothing to do with divorce. Or should they make an effort of imagination, and try to answer the question, 'Supposing divorce were possible, what kind of law would be best?' That would allow them to consider the whole Report, and consider it from the Commission's own standpoint; but it would mean leaving their proper standards of judgement behind them. Or is there a third way? Should they make two affirmations: (1) that real divorce is impossible; (2) that legal divorce is a fact to be reckoned with; and then ask what sort of law is appropriate in these peculiar circumstances?

The third is the right line, I think. It enables one to take all the Commission's work seriously, while at the same time using a criterion from the metaphysical realm which the Commission could not use. The criterion is that of reality: 'If this or that proposed change were made in the law, would it increase or decrease the amount of unreality, of make-believe, in the world of legal marriages?' Of course, if the standard of reality were applied without restriction, it would condemn any and every divorce law, the one we now have no less than any change, short of abolition, that could be suggested; for as long as divorce is admitted at all, some unreality there must be. But the criterion can be used in a limited way for a limited purpose, *viz.*, to determine whether changes which have in fact been proposed would make the law a lesser or a greater evil than it is now. And there is point in trying to reduce the amount of unreality in the legal world, because reality is never flouted with impunity.

Applied in this way, the criterion usually works in favour of conservatism and against the development of the law according to its own inherent logic. That is to be expected, seeing that the logic of a divorce law naturally tends away from reality; but it causes a good deal of misunderstanding. When the Church opposes change, as likely to increase unreality, many people suppose that it is positively endorsing the existing system; and since the existing system is manifestly open to criticism, they accuse the Church of being unconstructive, illogical, and uncharitable in its attitude to these matters. Of course it is, from their point of view. You cannot make 'constructive' proposals for a system of law that you believe to be founded on a lie; you cannot encourage logical development when the premises are all wrong; and you cannot apply the normal canons of justice and charity to situations that are radically unreal.

There is a good example of the logical development that has to be resisted for the sake of reality in the new doctrine of 'breakdown of marriage'. As expounded by Lord Walker, that doctrine seems to me much better suited to a divorce law than the doctrine of the matrimonial

offence, which was originally developed with reference to judicial separation. To quote Lord Walker's words:

I do not think the problem can usefully be considered from the point of view of hardship to individuals. Divorce, differing from judicial separation, is a matter in which the public interest ought to be regarded as paramount.

And the public interest (he maintains) demands that the world of marriage should not be littered with legal vincula which have been emptied of meaning by the irreparable breakdown of actual cohabitation. Legal ties ought to be attached as far as possible to what he would call the 'reality' of cohabitations in being.

It is precisely the neat appropriateness of this to the world of legal marriages that, by the standard of reality, condemns it. The new doctrine treats actual cohabitation as the only 'reality' in marriage and heavily underlines the merely legal character of the vinculum, and in consequence it makes the breakdown of cohabitation synonymous with the breakdown of marriage. But by the standard of true reality what needs emphasis is that the breakdown of cohabitation does not and cannot empty the vinculum of its meaning. Therefore gathering up stray vincula which have lost their consortia and pinning them on to cohabitations which happen to be handy is the last thing to encourage. It is much better that the so-called 'empty ties' should be upheld, however untidy they may make the legal world. That was asserted strongly in the evidence given on behalf of the Church of England, in an appendix about judicial separation and divorce. The passage runs:

To prefer divorce to separation, and thus to replace some illicit unions by fresh legal unions, is only to paper over the cracks. . . . It is of real moral importance that things should be called by their right names. Separation does at least secure that illicit unions cannot borrow the title of marriage or the status of legitimacy. And the person who chooses a separation in preference to divorce is helping to keep reality in this realm.

Similar considerations apply to tidying up the international law of marriage. Some of the recommendations in Part XII seem almost to imply a presumption against marriage. International reciprocity may be good in itself, but it should not be purchased at the cost of recognising spurious nullities and grounds of divorce which go beyond the limits of the domestic law. However inconvenient, 'limping' marriages may be evidence of a healthy refusal to extend unreality indefinitely.

'Hardship' in a Limping Marriage

But what about the 'hardship' a limping marriage may entail? The notion of 'relief from hardship' is deeply rooted in the divorce law and has even put out shoots into the field of nullity; and it is a standing complaint against those who assert metaphysical union that they would deny the relief that justice and mercy demand. Obviously justice ought to be done, mercy ought to be shown. But reality must come first. There is reason to suspect something wrong with our ideas of justice and mercy if they involve denying the existence of marriages which in fact exist. And it is evident that the notion of 'hardship' has expanded as society's grip on the reality of marriage has slackened. Originally the 'hardship' it was thought just to remedy was simply the obligation to cohabit with a spouse whose matrimonial offences had made cohabitation intolerable. Next the notion was enlarged to include the persistence of the vinculum itself, so that justice seemed to require giving the injured party an option of divorce. But the emphasis still lay on removing a burden, rather than on setting free to marry again. Moreover, in the doctrine of the matrimonial offence, the principle of relief from hardship seems to be qualified by a conception of divorce as a penalty for breach of obligations; and that conception does something to counteract the latest deterioration in opinion, whereby the mere restriction of a disgruntled spouse's liberty to make a fresh marriage is thought to be a 'hardship' calling for redress. There are now those who consider it 'unjust', where all hope of reviving the original cohabitation has gone, to let the conscientious scruples of a legally innocent spouse prevent the other spouse marrying someone else. Even some members of the Commission seem to have accepted this novel notion of 'hardship', though they allow that the rights of the party who does not want divorce deserve some protection.

Let me repeat: this is not to be taken as approbation of the doctrine of the matrimonial offence for its own sake. If the criteria of reality were applied with full rigour, it would destroy all divorce laws, including the existing. All that is here suggested is that the

conception of justice that goes with the doctrine of the matrimonial offence is less unreal than that which some current proposals would bring in.

The Commission itself regarded its legal recommendations as less relevant to its purpose of promoting lifelong monogamy than its proposal of 'a really marked extension in the work of education, pre-marital instruction, marriage guidance and conciliation'. That might seem to be beyond criticism. But one cannot help asking what the content of the instruction is expected to be. Is it to be founded on the doctrine of metaphysical union or on that which may be gathered from this Report? If the latter, it could not do much good. It is not enough to tell people that, in the Commission's words, 'it is in the best interests of all concerned—the community, the parties to a marriage and their children—that marriage should be monogamous and that it should last for life'; for unless convictions of indissolubility can

be formed, other motives easily yield to the persuasion that one's own special circumstances justify an exception to the rule. But, against a background of dissoluble legal marriage, can indissolubility be successfully taught except as part of Christian doctrine? Even when it is taught so, the influence of legal marriage nullifies much of the teaching. So it looks as if the Commission's hope of checking the tendency towards divorce by education may be disappointed because all the time the law is teaching something different. Perhaps it was consciousness of this that dictated the closing sentence of the first chapter of the Report:

There are some of us who think that if this tendency continues unchecked, it may become necessary to consider whether the community as a whole would not be happier and more stable if it abolished divorce altogether and accepted the inevitable individual hardships that this would entail.

—Third Programme

What Makes Law?

The first of two talks on modern legal realism by GRAHAM HUGHES

THE jurists of the common law have always loved to picture the Englishman as moving in a haze of admiration for the privileges of our law. They think of him as being charged with a consciousness of the liberties and securities which he enjoys under our legal system. I have always felt that this is a pious legend. I suspect that 'the man in the Clapham omnibus', beloved of the common lawyers, is aware of the law only in irritation at its occasional impingement on him. Is it not strange that a public which can feel so strongly about bad taste on stage, film, or television can contemplate with complacency the archaisms and senseless obstructiveness of our law in theft or our laws for conveying land? The truth is, I suppose, that the law does not contemplate them at all. The law is a superstructure under which we live with no more recognition of its existence than a shrug of indifference when it deposits a flake of rust upon us.

If we are indifferent to the law, it is scarcely surprising that we should be even more indifferent to that most exotic of subjects, legal philosophy, or 'jurisprudence' as we now more commonly call it. The attitude of the jurist who moves with dignity through the public places of continental Europe slinks shyly through the common room of the occasional English university—that is, if you can find him at all, for we are not rich in jurists. I suppose the professor of jurisprudence, the 'jurisprude' as the Americans delightfully call him, fuses in his one person the traditional English distrusts for the lawyer and the philosopher. But, for all this, he fulfils (and I shall try to prove it in these talks) an indispensable function. For he is the creator and purveyor of thought about law; and out of thought about law the law itself comes; and out of law come the whole sweep and details of a way of life.

What I want to do in these talks is to sketch one of the most exciting and novel approaches to law which has emerged in the first half of this century; an approach which is sometimes styled, perhaps crudely and inadequately, 'legal realism'. It comes from America, but because of its mutual heritage and technique of the common law that we share with America, it is an approach which is easily understandable and of great value for us in Britain.

A View of the Judge

To understand the birth of the American realist movement we must first say something of the traditional common law view of the nature of law, and of the process by which this view accompanied the common law of England in its transplantation to the American colonies and later to the independent United States. The common law has never been able to escape a preoccupation with the central importance of the judge as the architect of our legal system. This is natural, for the common law grows from and grows by judicial decisions; the shapes of doctrines are to be traced only in the slow evolution of a line of cases. Indeed, it is only in the dull brown volumes of the Law Reports that the common law exists at all. So the jurists of the common law have come to recognise the judge's function as a law-maker, and to accord to him

an importance and a dignity which in the Roman law systems of continental Europe he does not enjoy.

But this view of the judge as a law-maker, although to modern eyes it is implicit in the very nature of the common law, has come to the surface only in the last hundred years or so. It dispossessed an older attitude which may justly be described as a survival of primitive, magical beliefs. In this old attitude the law is conceived of as existing on some plane outside the actions of men. It would be sacrilegious in this view to suggest that the judges have anything to do with the making of the law. The judge is conceived of as the finder of law, its discoverer and enunciator rather than its maker. We might say that the judge was thought of rather as a priest. As the priest is the intermediary between man and God, so the judge is the intermediary between man and the law. The priest is not the author of God's word, neither is the judge the author of the law. He finds and applies but he does not make.

Primitive Approach

This, I think, is a typically primitive approach to the function of the judge, but it is an approach which in the common law jurisdictions survived with great vigour into the nineteenth century. Blackstone, writing his celebrated *Commentaries on the Laws of England* in the eighteenth century, could say of the judges: 'They are the depositaries of the laws, the living oracles . . . they are sworn to determine not according to their own private judgements, but according to the known laws and customs of the land'. Even, says Blackstone, where the judges reverse an old rule of law, 'they do not pretend to make a new law but to vindicate the old one from misrepresentation. For if it be found that the former decision is manifestly absurd or unjust, it is declared not that such a sentence was bad law, but that it was not law'.

It has been pointed out that Blackstone was perhaps a little old-fashioned in his approach to the function of the judge and that, even in his day, the role of the common law judge as a maker of law and not merely as a sort of lightning conductor was becoming recognised. This may be so, but it is also true that this primitive approach did survive with great force at what we might call the popular legal level well into the twentieth century. Perhaps the best way to illustrate the force with which this view was held is to take an exaggerated but serious assertion of it by an American writer, the lawyer and orator of the nineteenth century, Rufus Choate. Writing of the law, Choate said:

The judge does not make it. Like the structure of the State itself, we found it around us at the earliest dawn of reason; it guarded the helplessness of our infancy, it restrained the passions of our youth, it protects the acquisitions of our manhood, it shields the sanctity of the grave, it executes the will of the departed. Invisible, omnipresent, a real yet impalpable existence, it seems more a spirit, an abstraction—the whispered yet authoritative voice of all the past and all the good—than like the transient contrivance of altogether such as ourselves.

This type of approach was the current and accepted one of the day,

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NEWS DIARY

October 17-23

Wednesday, October 17

The Queen opens Calder Hall atomic power station

National Union of Railwaymen decides to ask for a ten per cent. wage increase

Mr. Ben-Gurion, Israeli Prime Minister, says that if attacked, his country 'would carry the war into the enemy's territory'

Thursday, October 18

Four Britons held in Egypt on charges of spying appear before a magistrate's court in Cairo

Council of Suez Canal Users' Association meets in London

The Church Commissioners are to provide an extra £250,000 a year for stipends of clergy

Friday, October 19

Mr. Khrushchev and other Russian leaders arrive in Warsaw and attend meeting of Central Committee of Polish Communist Party

The Security Council meets in New York to consider case of Israel and Jordan

Council of Suez Canal Users' Association appoints Mr. Eyvind Bartels, Danish Consul-General in New York, as its Administrator

Saturday, October 20

Russian leaders return to Moscow from Warsaw. *Pravda* attacks 'anti-socialist articles' in Polish press

Mr. Krishna Menon leaves Cairo after talks on Suez with President Nasser

Leader of the Mau Mau arrested in Kenya

A Hawker Hunter fighter flies from London to Rome in record time of 1 hour, 34 minutes, 28½ seconds

Sunday, October 21

Mr. Gomulka, former First Secretary of the Central Committee of the Polish Communist Party, reinstated in the post

President Eisenhower says Mr. Bulganin's proposal to end nuclear tests is an interference in the internal affairs of the United States

Monday, October 22

British Ambassador in Cairo has meeting with Egyptian Foreign Minister

In final results of Jordan's general election, half the new members are pledged to call for abrogation or revision of Anglo-Jordanian treaty

France suspends negotiations with Morocco

Admiral Lord Mountbatten, First Sea Lord and Chief of Naval Staff, promoted Admiral of the Fleet

Tuesday, October 23

Parliament reassembles, Foreign Secretary makes statement on Suez

Polish Assembly meets for the first time since Mr. Gomulka's return to power

France is to refer to Security Council question of yacht with cargo of arms seized off coast of Algeria



Wladyslaw Gomulka, who was reinstated on October 21 as First Secretary of the Central Committee of the Polish Communist Party. Mr. Gomulka held this post when he was dismissed from the Politburo seven years ago and was later arrested on charges of 'Titoist deviation'. Excluded from the new Politburo are Marshal Rokossovsky, Minister of Defence, and two other pro-Soviet members



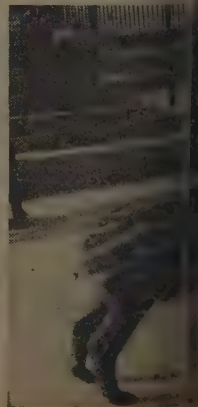
Snake dancers carrying pythons parading before Princess Elizabeth as she attended at Mwanza, Tanganyika, on October 15. She is talking to a machine operator when she visited the East African workshops at Nairobi, capital of Kenya, on October 19. She will leave for London tomorrow



A photograph taken at the dedication of a memorial to the late Alcide de Gasperi (Prime Minister of Italy from 1945-1953) in the main square of Trento on October 14. The ceremony coincided with the opening in the town of the Christian Democratic Party Congress. The present Prime Minister, Signor Antonio Segni, is second from the left, and on his right is the sculptor of the monument, Signor Antonio Bertti. Signor de Gasperi died in 1954



The Mau Mau terrorist, Marshal and Prime Minister, is shown after his capture by security forces on October 20. King of Kenya





tribal gathering
Royal Highness
and Harbours
due back in



The scene at Calder Hall, Cumberland, on October 17 as the Queen opened the first nuclear power station for commercial use. The photograph shows Her Majesty pulling the switch which sent thousands of kilowatts of atom-produced electricity into the national grid. On the Queen's right is Mr. R. A. Butler, Lord Privy Seal



Kimathi (self-styled 'Field
grounded on a stretcher after
berdare mountains in Kenya
charges, including one of



The Minister of Works, Mr. Buchan-Hepburn, unveiling a bust of John Nash, the Regency architect, in the portico of All Souls' Church, Langham Place, London, on October 18. All Souls' is the only surviving Nash church in London



Left: 'Tippy', a six-months-old baby tapir from Brazil who has recently arrived at Whipsnade, making the acquaintance of two Ankoli calves last week



An early seventeenth-century house at Winchcomb, Gloucestershire, which is to receive a grant for repair by the Ministry of Works for its roof and chimney stacks. Access to the upper rooms is by an outside flight of steps at the rear, and it is believed that the house was originally built as a school with accommodation for the master separated from the ground floor schoolroom



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Life Assurance *a safeguard of real prosperity*

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the stock response to the idea of law and the place of the judge in mid-nineteenth-century America and England.

It was into this florid juristic climate that there burst the iconoclastic ideas of that greatest of all American judges, Mr. Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, who is often referred to as the father of the American realist movement. Holmes was not perhaps an original jurist of great profundity, but his exciting personality and vigorous writing gave tremendous impetus and encouragement to new ways of legal thinking. The novel exhortation which Holmes brought to those who think about and practise the law was in his plea that law consists primarily not of systematised ethics or reason, but simply in the actions of men. He described his approach strikingly in his famous lecture to law-students, 'The Path of the Law', which was published in 1897. Holmes said:

Take the fundamental question, what constitutes the law . . . You will find some text-writers telling you . . . that it is a system of reason, that it is a deduction from principles of ethics or admitted actions, or what not, which may or may not coincide with the decision. But if we take the view of our friend, the bad man, we shall find that he does not care two straws for the action or deduction, but that he does want to know what Massachusetts or English courts are likely to do in fact. I am much of his mind. The prophecies of what the courts will do in fact and nothing more pretentious are what I mean by the law.

It must be admitted that in this passage Holmes was not purporting to give his final definition of law. He was probably doing no more than to throw out an exciting and controversial notion of law for the stimulation of his audience. But the passage displays such a revulsion from traditional ways of talking about law that it has been seized upon by the later realists as marking the emergence of their characteristic approach. Realism is of course the legal manifestation of general contemporary modes of thought. Holmes is a significant early symptom of the movement, but it would be naive to put too much stress on his personal influence.

Approach of the Realists

Using and developing these scattered dicta of Holmes, the realists began to flourish as a coherent movement in America in the nineteen-twenties. Their approach is dominated by a distrust of all definitions of law as a system of rules and principles and by an insistence on the shifting unpredictability of legal decisions. The main planks in the realist attitude were set out in 1931 by a jurist who is perhaps the leading exponent of the movement, Professor Llewellyn, now of the Law School of the University of Chicago. Llewellyn gives a typical realist definition of law in his book *The Bramble Bush* (a significant title), where he says:

The doing of something about disputes, the doing of it reasonably, is the business of the law. And the people who have the doing in charge, whether they be judges or sheriffs or clerks or jailers or lawyers are officials of the law. What these officials do about disputes is to my mind the law itself.

This definition displays the realist emphasis on the settlement of the concrete and particular dispute as the essence of the nature of law, the recoil from the panoramic approach of the older jurists. In 1931 Llewellyn elaborated this basic position in the following terms. In the first place the realists, he says, have a conception of law in flux and of judicial creation of law. The judges make the law; the law is never stable but always in motion. These are the realist slogans. Secondly, says Llewellyn, the realists have a conception of law as a means to social ends and not as an end in itself, coupled with a conception of society in flux and changing faster than the law, so that the jurist is under a perpetual duty to carry out an incessant examination of how law meets its contemporary social tasks.

Here, I should point out that Llewellyn is not asserting a position which is novel or original to the realist movement. The social context of law and the need for examining and evaluating law in its social context were perceived and emphasised by the older sociological school of jurists who developed in Austria and Germany in the nineteenth century and whose work has been taken up so energetically in America itself. Indeed the social tasks of law and the sociological aspects of jurisprudence are commonplaces of modern legal thought. The true originality of the realist movement is in the new technique of legal study which they offer to enable us to reach more valid social conclusions. And this original technique is best expounded by turning to the next two points in Llewellyn's 1931 manifesto. He goes on to say that 'realism distrusts legal rules and concepts in so far as they

purport to describe what either courts or people are actually doing' and, furthermore, that realism distrusts the traditional theory that legal rules are the mainly operative influence in the decision of cases. Here we have come to the very heart of the realist movement and we must pause for cardiology.

Mistaking Form for Process

Let me repeat Llewellyn's first assertion. He said that realism distrusts legal rules and concepts in so far as they purport to describe what either courts or people are actually doing. This proposition involves a fundamental attack on the orthodox view of the function of the judge. In that orthodox view, which I tried to describe earlier, the judge is conceived of as being subject to legal rules and principles, as having no other function than to apply them with precision to the case in hand. The decision of the judge is thus described in terms of the application of legal rules and concepts to the facts of the case and in no other terms. But now the realists tell us that they distrust such descriptions. They distrust them because it is a fundamental tenet of the realist attitude that legal rules and concepts play by no means the most important part in the decision of cases. It is true that the judgements of courts will be expressed in a form which suggests that the decision was arrived at by the mechanical operation of the doctrine of precedent, i.e. by the pressure of authoritative legal rules. But, the realists tell us, it is here that the great deception has for so long been practised. Because judges always suggest by the form of their judgements that their decision is solely the product of legal rules, jurists have been misled into asserting that the judgement is *actually* the product of legal rules. They have mistaken the form of the judgement for an accurate description of the judgement process.

Here the lay listener may well feel disturbed at this prospect of the lawyers cheerfully committing suicide. If judicial decisions are not the product of legal rules and concepts, it might reasonably be asked of what they are the product. The realists' answer is that the decision is the product of a host of stimuli which influence the judge and of which the legal rule or principle is only a part and perhaps not a very important part. Thus the judge's politics, his social background and tastes, his domestic happiness, the state of his digestion will all play a part. Bribery and corruption, say the realists (strangely, to English ears), may be more significant than legal rules. Most important of all will be the judge's sense of justice, his instinct for the right decision which he will later rationalise in terms of legal rules and precedents. The realists sum this up by saying that the judgement is always the product of the judge's 'hunch'; it is dominated by an 'inarticulate premiss' which is incapable of description in terms of legal rules. The judge's legal training, the inescapable framework and conventions of his common law background, compel him to expound his judgement in the beloved common law manner of an argument by way of application of settled authority to the facts of the case in hand. But, the realists contend, any honest and critical dissection of the common law judgement incontrovertibly reveals the rationalised hunch beneath the smooth logical form.

Fruitful Field-work

The realists are not content with the mere assertion of this startling proposition. They substantiate their views with analyses of the judgement process and examinations of the working out of the common law doctrine of precedent. This field-work, as it were, is indeed the most fruitful aspect of their achievement, and in my next talk I want to take you through a practical application of the realist approach to some decisions of English courts. But let me finish here with a more general appraisal of the value of the realists' work and the revolution which they have achieved in our approach to the workings of the common law.

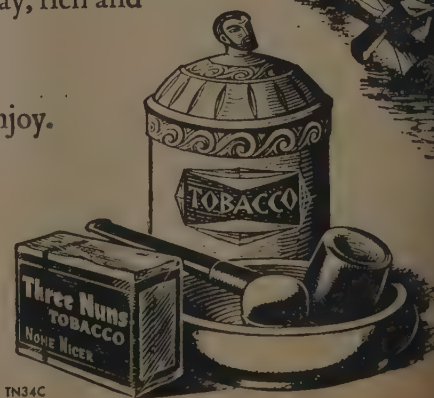
They have been subjected to fierce and even bitter criticisms. They have been derided as exponents of 'jazz jurisprudence' or 'digestive jurisprudence'. It has been said that by their expulsion of legal rules from a central place in the judgement process and by their insistence on the 'hunch' of the individual judge, they have denied all certainty to the law, that in their view law never is but is always about to be. It is argued that the realists ignore the large area of certainty in the work of the advising lawyer, that their approach concentrates unduly on litigation. It is true that if I go to my solicitor and ask how I must make my will, and he tells me that it must be in writing, that it must be attested by two witnesses who must be present at the same time and who must sign in each other's presence, and so on, the accuracy of this prediction can be fully guaranteed. There is no

PERIQUE—AND THE PIPE OF PEACE

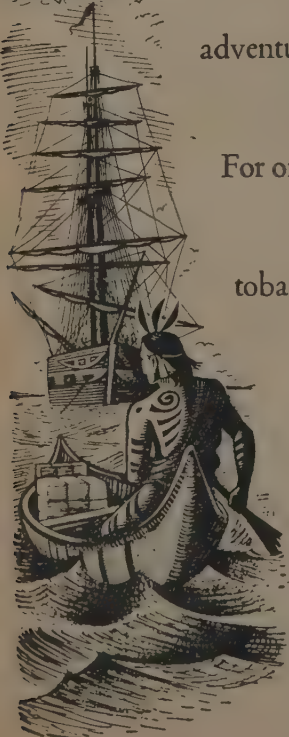
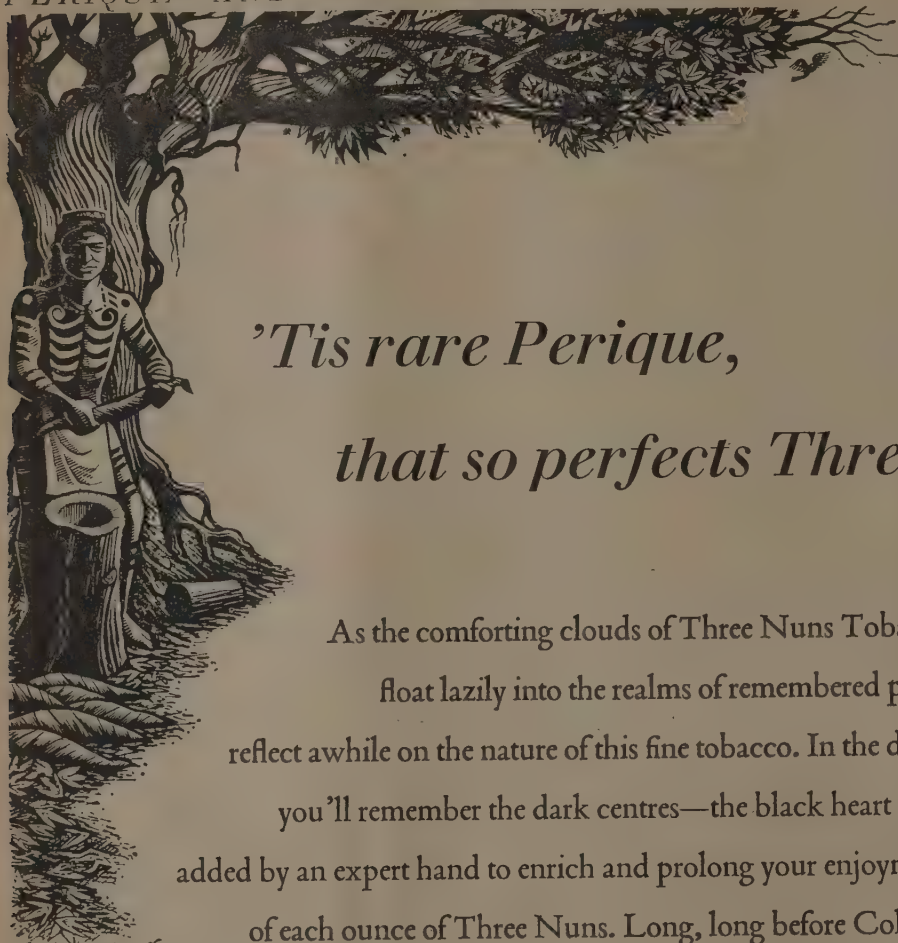
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Three Nuns
with the black heart of Perique



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uncertainty here. But if I should interpret this advice in a perverse fashion and write my will on three sides of a cardboard box, sign it on another side, and get my witnesses to attest on the lid, the decision to which a court might come on its validity would be unpredictable. The realists in fact have turned the spotlight on what the courts do in disputes; it is a just criticism that they largely ignore the non-disputative aspects of law; but it would be a just reply that they are only seeking to evolve a technique for the understanding of the settlement of disputes in the courts.

Again, the realists have been accused of nihilistic and totalitarian tendencies. One American writer displays this attitude rather hysterically in the title of an article which he calls 'Hobbes, Holmes and Hitler'. This accusation, however, seems misplaced. The realists do not deny the

necessity for applying value judgements to the law. Indeed, their whole approach is dominated by the importance of the value of judgement. What they claim to do is to provide a more accurate technique for analysing the nature of the judicial process so that the value of judgement may be more accurately reached. They have set out to make the juristic world aware of the gap between what courts say they do and what they do in fact. A pursuit of the realist technique may reveal that that gap is not so wide as the realists have themselves suggested, but a gap of some dimensions certainly exists, and it is the realists who have made us aware of its existence. With the use of statistics, psychological research and judicial introspection, we can now attempt to measure the extra-legal factors which play their part in judicial decision.—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

'The Dead Sea Scrolls'

Sir,—Since Mr. Edmund Wilson has impugned my good faith and competence, it is necessary to make a reasoned reply to his charges. Let me take the points he raises, one by one.

(1) *Mishhath*, 'marred', the reading of the Massoretic text, *versus mashahti*, 'I have anointed', the new reading in the St. Mark's Scroll of Isaiah (1ii.14, not 11, as Mr. Wilson says). Mr. Wilson strikes an attitude of injured innocence because I ventured to criticise him for taking over the arguments of Dr. W. H. Brownlee's paper without subjecting them to an independent examination. I should of course have realised that Mr. Wilson did not possess the necessary equipment to do this properly. A study of the textual problems of the Hebrew Bible cannot be mastered in a few years—let alone months. Had Mr. Wilson been well grounded in this hard and exacting discipline, he would have appreciated the many snags that lie in the way of accepting the new reading, with its sensational Christological implications.

What I contend is that the new reading goes counter to the whole spirit and tenor of verses 14-15 in this chapter of Isaiah. We are dealing here with the sorrows and tribulations of the Suffering Servant. The intrusion of a phrase like 'I have anointed' is unsuitable, just as *yazzeah*, 'he will sprinkle', is in the next verse. The scribe responsible for altering the Massoretic *mishhath* to *mashahti* was evidently perplexed by *mishhath*. This is not surprising, for it is a *hapax legomenon*, i.e., it occurs only once in the whole of the Hebrew Bible. As so often happens, where a scribe does not understand, he alters. He therefore, in a moment of extreme irresponsibility, substituted *mashahti* for the Massoretic text. (Had he been more knowledgeable, he would have seen that *mishhath*, which would of course have been unvoiced in the early days of the transmission of the Hebrew Bible, could also have been read as *mashaht* (i), without the insertion of the *yôdh*, the 'y'.) Moreover, the scribe, by reading *mashahti*, derived the word from the root *mashah*, 'to anoint', and not from *shahath*, 'to mar, destroy', if the Massoretic *Mishhath* had been accepted. In this connection I might also mention that the word *yazzeah*, 'he shall sprinkle', which occurs in the following verse (15) of Chapter 1ii—and which Mr. Wilson, following Dr. Brownlee, supports—is suspect. It is most probable that a consonant has fallen out of this word, a point of view which the Septuagint Version corroborates.

(2) I had pointed out that the editors had failed in their duty by not transcribing the exact form of the *mem* (the letter 'm') as they found it in the manuscript. Mr. Wilson says:

This statement makes no sense whatever. The editors of the publication in question—*The Dead Sea Scrolls of St. Mark's Monastery, Volume I*—had no occasion to deal with the question of *mem*.

Mr. Wilson here exposes his ignorance. The editors of the St. Mark's Scroll of Isaiah included in their edition not only photographs but also a transcription of the text as found in the photographs, in which it was their business to deal with such questions as the form of the 'mem'. It is obvious that Mr. Wilson could not check the accuracy of this transcription. Had he had a glimmering of Hebrew palaeography, he would have recognised how the editors fell down on their job in transcribing the photographs. Time after time—my annotated copy is full of such examples—they printed a final *mem* (the 'm') at the end of the word when the original had the initial (or medial) form. Similarly, when a final *mem* appeared in the middle of the word, the editors printed the initial form. Such a serious abdication of their editorial duties was bound to mislead and confuse students. No palaeographer worthy of the name would have dared to tamper with the text so outrageously. So much depends here on getting the form of the letter *mem* right, as this orthographic peculiarity helps to establish the date of the manuscript. Such a distinction would have presented no difficulty to the printers. As a result of this negligence on the part of the editors, the whole work of transcription will have to be done over again.

(3) The reading *nethibhth* as against *nethibhim* in Isaiah xlii. 19. Let me say at once that the form *nethibhim*, which the editors adopted, and for which Mr. Wilson vainly tries to find some shadow of confirmation, has never existed. When I discovered the transcription *nethibhim* in the facsimile edition, I immediately corrected it to *nethibhth*. To the trained Hebrew palaeographer nothing could be plainer. I was not surprised to find that authorities like Professor W. F. Albright, of Baltimore, or Professor de Boer, of Leyden, also drew attention to this mistake, which I had noted for myself. Mr. Wilson tries to palliate the blunder of *nethibhim* by pleading that there is a smudge here. But it is the business of the palaeographer to read behind the smudge. Our great editors have been able to decipher far more difficult texts. The crowning absurdity of this gaffe was to occur when a professor in the United States wrote a learned but perfectly futile article upon this form, which had existed only in the imagination of the editors.

When Mr. Wilson maintains that *nethibhim* is the plural of *nathibh* and *nethibhth* the plural of *nethibhah*, he can only arouse amusement in the Hebrew scholar. In point of fact if the

feminine from *nethibhah* had never existed the plural of *nathibh* would still have been *nethibhth*. No amount of wriggling on the part of Mr. Wilson can rehabilitate so discredited a form as *nethibhim*. As he is inclined to parade his knowledge of Hebrew grammar, he should have known that many masculines in Hebrew form their plural with the 'feminine' termination *-oth*, whilst many feminines have their plural with the masculine termination *-im*. Mr. Wilson evidently approached Hebrew grammar with the preconceptions which he absorbed from his classical education. In Latin and Greek, with few exceptions (like *poeta*, *nauta*), masculines have masculine terminations, and feminines feminine terminations. Such a rigid schematisation will not do for Semitic languages. I may mention that I was quite well aware that *nethibhth* was a textual variant for *neharoth* (a form curiously analogous to *nethibhth* in having the plural 'feminine' termination for a 'masculine' singular). But I was discussing the palaeography of the word, not its textual significance.

(4) 'The Lamech Scroll'. I knew, of course, that this scroll had not been unrolled until recently. I wished to convey a warning about the danger of attaching prematurely a label like 'The Lamech Scroll' to an unknown document. Because it was so described, many scholars were led to believe that it contained the lost apocryphon of Lamech. A neutral or less compromising description (why not Scroll X?) would have been more appropriate.

(5) Professor C. C. Torrey, the distinguished Aramaist, of whom it is good news to learn that he is still alive, will no doubt be able to discover for himself the two mistakes perpetrated by Professor Burrows (whose knowledge of Jewish Aramaic is far to seek) in the course of a single line in his dedication.

YOUR REVIEWER

The Criticism of Architecture

Sir,—I should like to take issue with Mr. Furneaux Jordan about an incidental but damaging remark he made in his talk on 'The Criticism of Architecture' published in THE LISTENER of October 11. He says: 'The Home Counties . . . are long since a lost cause'.

This is the sort of impression which is frequently, and understandably, obtained by those whose acquaintance with the Home Counties is confined to the views from the main railway lines, trunk roads, or beaches. How erroneous it is can be shown by taking an entire view of a single Home County, Kent. Beyond a particularly nasty suburban fringe stretches some of the most colourful, varied, and unspoiled scenery in England, almost unbroken (save for a few



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bad patches) to the admittedly sullied coast.

If anyone wants to verify this let him take almost any turning off one of the main trunk roads, once he has left the suburbs, and wander at will, or, better, with the aid of a sufficiently large scale map. If he reaches places like Cranbrook, or Faversham or Farningham, Chiddingstone or Cobham (to name five far-flung but typical towns and villages) he will be amply rewarded. The same is true, to a lesser extent, of the other Home Counties, save Middlesex, though none seems so blest as Kent in this respect.

Damaging remarks such as Mr. Jordan's, oft repeated, can lead to defeatism; and to discouragement to those societies and individuals whose efforts for preservation and enhancement of the rural and urban scene are the country's main bulwarks against the ever-present threat of suburbia.—Yours, etc.,

Bristol, 8

D. W. LLOYD

Sir,—In his broadcast talk on 'The Criticism of Architecture', Mr. R. F. Jordan points out that the service departments have left the countryside in many places littered with derelict lorries and ruined huts. At the same time we have heard news reports of unrest among army reservists who are bored with having too little to occupy their duty hours.

All that is now required is someone of authority in the War Office to draw the obvious conclusion, and then to take the necessary action.—Yours, etc.,

Chelmsford

G. E. ALLEN

Radio Telescopes and the Galaxy

Sir,—In THE LISTENER of October 11 Mr. Feuell questions my statement that the detection of the red shift in the 21 cm. hydrogen line radiation from remote galaxies strongly supports the reality of the expansion of the universe. The important point is that the 21 cm. waves not only show the displacement to longer wavelengths but that the fractional change in wavelength is the same as for the optical part of the spectrum. Whereas previously the fractional change could only be verified over a factor of 3 in wavelength, the new radio observations extend this factor to 70,000,000 times.

This is consistent with the interpretation of the 'reddening' as a Doppler effect; and at the same time removes from consideration those alternative possibilities which postulate that the reddening is due to frequency dependent interactions which the photons suffer in intergalactic space.—Yours, etc.,

Jodrell Bank, Cheshire A. C. B. LOVELL

Thoughts on Refugees

Sir,—One is very chary in criticising any statement made by Dr. Gilbert Murray, but in speaking of refugees from Germany, as printed in THE LISTENER of October 18, he referred to many leaving as a consequence of the 1914 war. Can it be that Dr. Gilbert Murray really meant 1848?

There were no German refugees from the Kaiser's war; on the contrary, one of the most unhappy episodes of that war was the notorious manifesto from distinguished German intellectuals denouncing England. In 1848, the Year of Revolution, however, before there was a unified Germany, many Germans left that country with consequent profit to their countries of exile, notably England and America.

Yours, etc.,

Richmond, Surrey SIDNEY SALOMON

China Revisited

Sir,—In their book *Empire of Fear* the Petrovs point out that the phrase 'render harmless' (of which presumably *hsiao mieh* is

the Chinese equivalent) is a Communist euphemism for 'execute'. One wonders if Mr. Victor Purcell really thinks that the Communist sympathiser mentioned by the Petrovs who was 'rendered harmless' while lorries revved up their engines to drown the noise is actually 'still working quietly at his job'. Interestingly enough this particular piece of 'dispensing', 'rendering harmless', 'driving off', or 'rendering *hors de combat*', to use Mr. Purcell's translations, took place in China.—Yours, etc.,

Chilcompton

J. K. NEWMAN

The New 'Establishment' in Criticism

Sir,—Mr. Holloway's letter accuses me of not answering the arguments he gave in his talk; I have read the talks again in THE LISTENER of September 20 and 27, and I cannot see that he gave any argument other than the one I answered—that my interpretation would be inept because it would spoil the picture in the couplet. Certainly, he gave a general reminder that a detail of interpretation ought to fit the poem as a whole, but that no one has denied, whatever mistakes may have been made. I am only saying I did not make a mistake in the example he chose. He objected to my having said that Marvell, when he wrote in 'The Garden':

The Mind, that Ocean where each kind
Doth strait its own resemblance find,

meant that his own mind, though in one way like the sea, was in another way small; and he now says he hopes Empson 'can offer evidence for this being the central thought'.

The poem says that Marvell need not go into any of the various professions, because he can master all experience by sitting quietly in this garden. But the tone of the whole poem makes clear that he recognises the claim to be extravagant; that is what everyone means by calling it 'graceful wit', a phrase Mr. Holloway cocks his eye at. The poem does not claim that Marvell is one of the great mystics, or has some other claim such as Shelley might have made; Marvell would have thought that 'inept'. For that matter, I think he felt he was rather a pig not to be fighting against Charles I, but instead to be holding a very promising job as tutor to a leading general's daughter; except that, as he said later, he thought the cause too good to be fought over (that is, it would not really be decided by civil war). However, this dating is deduced from the style, not the style from a known date; I put it in merely to annoy Mr. Holloway, who I take it belongs to a school which labours to make reading poetry as dull as possible. In any case, the tone of the whole poem stringently requires the old paradox in this couplet; Mr. Holloway says that 'it would not be wit because it was a chestnut, but it was the same kind of chestnut as 'Thank you for having me'—I'm glad you could come'. It seems to me that Mr. Holloway not only does not know what Marvell considered poetry, he also does not know what Marvell considered manners.

I should recognise that Mr. Holloway made a similar point about the couplet just before, but that seems to me only the same argument again; the language there is anyhow rather strained, and would be bad except as a lead-in to the whole rocketing stanza. As to the word 'strait', I still think that if the creatures can find their resemblances 'at once' they are likely to be 'close together'. I mentioned a kettle because there is a philosophical anecdote, well known I thought, about the sailor who said he knew where the kettle was, meaning that it was in the sea.—Yours, etc.,

Sheffield, 10

WILLIAM EMPSON

Sir,—In Mr. Holloway's talk and the consequent correspondence, there is a singular

omission. No tribute has been paid to those individual critics who have written since the foundation of the New Criticism, and who have remained quite outside the Establishment. And theirs seems to me the most significant work that has been done.

Dr. Tillyard and Professor Lewis created their great body of Milton criticism in opposition to Mr. Eliot and Dr. Leavis. The late R. W. Chambers, while combating a heresy that ranged from Stopford Brooke's *Literature Primer* to Professor Dover Wilson's *Essential Shakespeare* did more for the understanding of the problem plays than anyone I have read. Chambers was not a New Critic, nor is Mr. Neville Coghill, who has also done fine work on this study. Mr. Middleton Murry, apart from an intuitive grasp of imagery early in his career, has never been a New Critic, but has produced the finest work on Swift and the most provocative Keats criticism of the period.

Not even Cambridge students—perhaps particularly Cambridge students, since he now holds a Chair there—could avoid the medieval criticism of C. S. Lewis and its influence. They will find the Penguin *Guide to Middle English Literature*—with its tributes from Mr. Derek Traversi and others—a very secondary consolation.

Other names could extend this list. They would not be the names of men and women who have elucidated the significance of Shakespeare's lost laundry bills, either, but of distinguished critics who have contributed enormously to the critical writings of the past thirty years.

I mention this, not to belittle the work of Professor Richards, Mr. Eliot, and Dr. Leavis, but simply to put the Old-New Criticism and your correspondence into some sort of perspective.—Yours, etc.,

Birmingham, 17

PAUL GARDNER

Music in Africa

Sir,—I hasten to assure Mr. Stegmann that I intended no disparagement by omission in not including in my talk printed in THE LISTENER of August 16 some of the rising names in South African music, such as John Joubert, Stefans Grové, etc., but I do not think that any of the names he mentions can, as yet, be considered as 'principal figures' in South African musical life. After all, John Joubert has lived in England for the past eight or nine years—as has Priaux Rainier. I should have mentioned Betsy de la Porte, and Cecilia Wessels, but Mimi Coertse's somewhat meteoric rise to fame was excluded solely because the talk was written and recorded some nineteen months ago.

I cannot agree that my statement does not give a true perspective, when one bears in mind that the two principal conductors of the S.A.B.C. Symphony Orchestra are a Jewish South African and an Englishman; that the conductor of the Durban Civic Orchestra is a Dutchman; that the recently departed conductor of the Cape Town Orchestra was a Spaniard; that the Professors of Music at Cape Town, Rhodes, and Witwatersrand Universities are, respectively, Scots, German, and Austrian; that the most famous South African pianist is Adolph Hallis (South African Jew); cellists, Betty Pack (S.A. Jew) and Aubrey Rainier (Englishman); Quartet, the De Groot Quartet (three Belgians and a S.A. Jew); wind players, the Johannesburg Reed Trio—invited to play at the Edinburgh Festival (three Dutchmen), and that the two outstanding young performers, for whom there have been public benefit concerts and large public subscriptions to send them to Europe for further study, are André De Groot (Belgian and English parents) and Vincent Fritelli (Italian).

Yours, etc.,

Johannesburg

S. HYLTON EDWARDS

Art

Round the Galleries

By DAVID SYLVESTER

ONE of the best exhibitions of post-war painting to have been seen in this country has just opened in Cambridge, at the Arts Council Gallery, 2 All Saints Passage. It will subsequently be on view, under Arts Council auspices, in York, Liverpool, and Newcastle. No London showing has been announced.

It is a small show, drawn from a private collection, but, with the help of a clear and searching essay in the catalogue by Lawrence Alloway, it admirably illuminates the character of the kinds of art which Michel Tapié has lumped together under the label of '*un art autre*'.

There are exponents of *art autre* in most countries today, but it so happens that, though the exhibition is called 'New Trends in Painting', all the painters work in Paris. It is significant, however, that, of these nine Parisian painters, only two (Dubuffet and Soulages) were born in France. Of the others, two come from the United States (Jenkins and Francis), two from Holland (Bogaart and Appel), and one each from Canada (Riopelle), Russia (de Stael) and Germany (Max Ernst). All but the last named of these nine painters were born in the present century; one of them, of course, is no longer living.

Ernst is present as a sort of father-figure, whose direct influence can be clearly discerned in the works by Dubuffet and Riopelle—and possibly Appel—but whose particular use of automatic techniques also relates him to all the other painters bar de Stael, who is a case apart, akin to the others in little but his liking for slabs of thick opaque paint. Ernst's presence suggests a fundamental fact about *art autre*: that the kind of automatism it uses is akin to that of surrealism, not to that of abstract expressionism (Kandinsky, Hartung, Gerald Wilde). I mean by this that its purpose is experimental, not self-expressive, that the gestures it uses are not at all tense or tempestuous but, on the contrary, casual. It is true that the resultant paintings sometimes give an impression of violence, but whereas the expressionist arrives at violence through an act of violence, here there is only a semblance of violence: it is an affected, almost a calculated, violence, like the frigid violence of the Mannerists. If an analogy be drawn between automatism in modern painting and improvisation in jazz, *art autre* relates to 'cool' jazz, not 'hot' jazz.

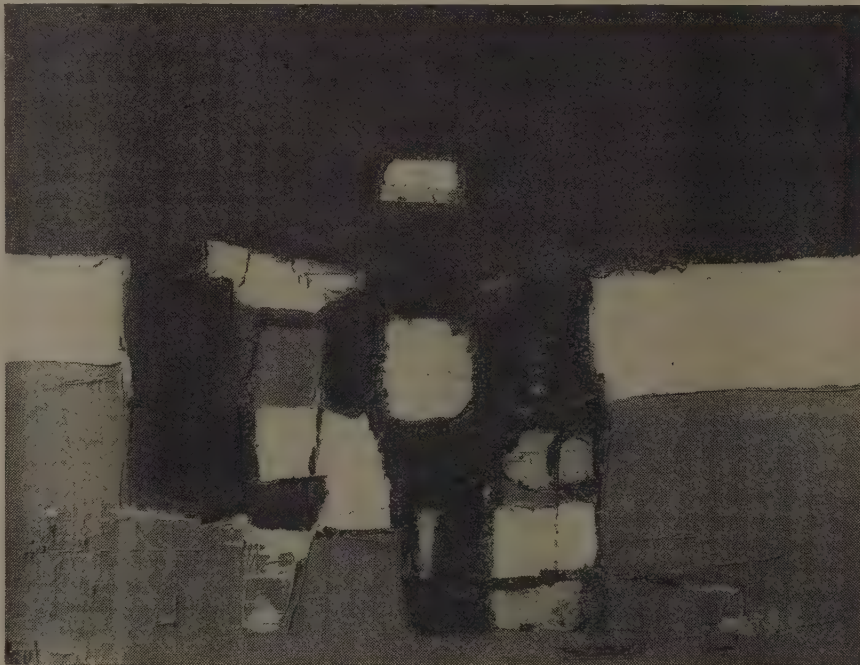
'Cool' jazz is essentially associated with the west coast of the United States, and, at the risk of being fanciful, I would suggest that it may not be fortuitous that the coolest customer among the exponents of *art autre* is a painter from the west coast, Sam Francis. Be that as it may, Francis seems to me the star of this exhibition. The most remarkable thing about his work has been prettily summed up by Georges Duthuit: '*Sam Francis n'est pas original mais originel*'. It is remarkable that he does not seem *original* because, at first view, his pictures are most eccentric, each of them being hardly more than a wall of kidney-shaped blobs, generally of one colour, sometimes of

two. Yet the subtlety of the design, the translucent radiance of the colour, the eloquence of the handling invest them with a haunting beauty. It is a beautifully absolute beauty, untainted by associations or allusions, for, strangely enough, we don't see faces in these works, or landscapes, or primitive biological forms; they are not, nebulous as they are, like clouds or smoke: they are paint on canvas, come alive.

I have been told that Francis himself thinks of his work as a synthesis of Monet and Mondrian, and if this is true one can see what he means:

he is, precisely, an abstract impressionist. But I would have thought that what he is really doing is to carry on from late Cézanne and what analytical cubism took from late Cézanne. As in Cézanne's last landscapes, the juxtaposed *taches* act upon one another to give the effect of a space that breathes, and combine together in a curtain of transparent colour that is at one and the same time flatness and depth. It is not only paint that comes alive in these paintings but space, unlocalised, unoccupied, yet real.

The Arts Council's Braque exhibition, reviewed in these columns when on view in Edinburgh, has now been transported to the Tate. Or rather, the exhibits have: for the exhibition seen in Edinburgh has given way to quite a different exhibition, such



'Composition 1951', by Nicolas de Stael: from the exhibition 'New Trends in Painting' at the Arts Council Gallery, Cambridge

is the transformation brought about by a different arrangement in a different setting with a different light. At the Tate it is the paintings of the nineteen-twenties that come into their own, and those of the 'thirties' also look altogether more distinguished than they did in Edinburgh. On the other hand, the analytical cubist paintings, which in Edinburgh seemed the high point of Braque's career, have had their life and magic drained out of them by large expanses of green wall. A curious metamorphosis, and one that suggests the temerity of judging an artist on the basis of even the most comprehensive exhibition of his work so long as it has been seen in only one setting.

St. George's Gallery Prints, 7 Cork Street, are showing a suite of eight large etchings by Anthony Gross called *Les Heures de Boulab*. The exceptional scale of these etchings of the life and landscape of a village south of the Dordogne has demanded an exceptional technical resourcefulness, and the solution of the technical problems has led to an interesting interplay between technique and style. If the technique is always impressive, aesthetically the results are more uneven, but 'The Valley' is an altogether fine and convincing image.

The eleventh annual report of the Arts Council of Great Britain 1955-1956 has been published under the title *The First Ten Years*, price 2s. 6d. The introduction surveys the work of the Council and considers future prospects. The Arts Council and local authorities between them are contributing about £1,000,000 a year to the arts, and it is suggested that £2,500,000 a year would transform the situation because then provision could be made for the long-term rehousing of the arts. The report is illustrated and contains valuable facts and figures about last year's activities.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Mrs. Gladstone: The Portrait of a Marriage. By Georgina Battiscombe. Constable. 21s.

WHEN MR. GLADSTONE'S WIFE was discussing a difficult theological question with some friends in the drawing room, a pious lady remarked: 'What a comfort to know there is One above who is able to tell us!' 'Yes', replied Catherine Gladstone, 'I think William will be down in a few minutes'. The story, recalled in this book, is probably not true, but it contains an element of truth: it is a sample of Catherine's general attitude towards her husband. She saw him, so to speak, larger than life. His word was law, and she gave herself untiringly not only to the supervision of his personal comfort but also to the promotion of his interests in the public sphere.

The well-connected Catherine Glynne, who married the son of a Liverpool merchant and bore him eight children, lived in an age when life for the wealthy or comparatively wealthy was cushioned, as it is not today, by hosts of servants. But cushioned in any other respect is not a word to describe Catherine's full to overflowing life. 'She failed as a hostess because she had no time to take her social duties seriously, being far too busy with her charitable work and, above all, with her family'. Restless, unconventional both in her clothes and in her conversation, enjoying nothing so much as sea-bathing and church-going, a careless correspondent (sandwich wrapping would serve as writing paper for her ill-spelt and often illegible letters), untidy, unmethodical, and frequently absent-minded, Spartan in outlook (until she was eighty she took a cold bath every morning) she had the warmest of hearts and never failed to give practical effect to the charitable urge which was the mainspring of her life.

Between Catherine and William there were differences in temperament, outlook, and habits. Each in his or her own way could be tiresome and disconcerting. On the other hand both were outward-looking: they could neither of them understand a character that was essentially melancholy and introspective. Incidentally, too—though the point may not be irrelevant in considering this marriage—Gladstone's political career necessitated their spending much time apart from one another. But on fundamental matters they were virtually at one, and both took delight in doing their duty, knowing with an inner certainty where that duty lay. In this respect they were products, as well as shining examples, of the age in which they lived. What they would have made of twentieth-century doubts and introspective questionings is not readily imagined. To describe the entity which those two remarkable people made of their lives—which is the professed aim of this book—cannot have been an easy task, but, within the limits of the possible in portraying so intimate a relationship as marriage, the author succeeds in presenting a living and sympathetic picture.

That Devil Wilkes

By Raymond Postgate. Dobson. 25s. Wilkes is a sitting bird for any biographer. He rattled almost alone against the entrenched power of the state. He stood trial, prosecuted ministers, fought duels, went into exile, and returned to win through triumphantly. And his nature was as flamboyant as his life—sexual delights in monk's robes, wild Italian mistresses, an endless

stream of seductions until age quietened him—and to crown all he embellished whatever happened to him with constant flow of epigram, sharp, neat and from the heart. Even an American research student would find it hard to make Wilkes dull.

To entertain is one thing, to understand another, and although Mr. Postgate succeeds at the former, he fails dismally at the latter; anyone with an idle afternoon and a taste for history will get full value for money, but this is not a book for serious students of eighteenth-century history. Some errors have been amended in this new edition, but others remain; worse than the slips, however, is the failure to deal thoroughly with Wilkes in terms of the politics of his day; recent work by Sir Lewis Namier and others is almost completely ignored. The social and economic background, so vital for understanding the discontent which Wilkes exploited, is sketched in wild and inaccurate generalisations of which these are samples: '... north of Derby the country was, except for Yorkshire, barren and empty'; or 'Scientific drainage, rotation of crops and economic tillage were unknown...'. Liverpool is written off as devoted to the King and tourism and therefore unimportant to Wilkes. In fact the Liverpool press published Wilkes' letters as eagerly as the London papers and his rights and wrongs were hotly debated. And so on.

Although this book is neither accurate nor profound, it is readable and Wilkes' wit never grows stale. Sooner or later he will get the full and detailed and scholarly treatment which he deserves. Until then, this must suffice.

Rock Paintings of the Drakensberg

By A. R. Willcox. Max Parrish. 80s. In Natal, in the country of the Little Berg, the hunting Bushmen of the Stone Age persisted until about sixty or seventy years ago. In this wonderful area of rock and vegetation and valley, river and waterfall and mountain, they enjoyed everything that could make life bearable and pleasant. For a long while they had no enemies, the climate was delightful, game was abundant. They had water; they had roots and berries and insects to vary their hunter's diet; they had the stone and the wood they needed for tools. They could move from one comfortable and dry rock-shelter to another, and from these lofty hollows in the sandstone they looked out and down with keen quickly telescopic eyes which could detect game (or enemies, when the Bantu arrived, and then the Dutch and the English). And very often the yellow, fine-grained surface of the wall or roof of the shelter served them excellently for painting.

Mr. A. R. Willcox has explored more than seventy painted shelters in this paradise in which, so ironically, the Bushmen have been exterminated, while the eland, the rhebok, and the other creatures they hunted and painted are preserved by rangers and game wardens. He has lugged his camera across the hills, far away from the nearest roads, paths, or guest-huts, he has slept in the rock-shelters, and with colour film he has recorded pictures sometimes as fresh as when they were painted, sometimes fading, sometimes scaling at last from the sandstone; and in this book he adds to seventy-six colour plates a sensible, modest, always illuminating text.

The plates are important. Mr. Willcox says quite rightly that rock-paintings are marked above all by a 'certain crisp liveliness' which it

is very difficult—one might say impossible—to preserve or transmit in a copy. In Europe we owe a great deal to the copies of Upper Palaeolithic painting made by the Abbé Breuil during the last fifty years. But a visit to the limestone caves in the Dordogne, or under the Pyrenees or around Santander, reveals a staggering difference between copy and original, tameness and crispness, travesty at times and actuality. Just as colour photography has at last revealed the force and nicety of the paintings of Lascaux, so Mr. Willcox with the close eye of his camera at last reveals the true quality and gracefulness of Bushmen painting, the love and the innocent perception and the compelling, selective naturalism of their art in one of its richest areas.

His book, though, is much more than an album of plates supported by captions. He gives a good brief summary of the history and life of the Bushmen of the Drakensburg, he tells us as much as is known of how they painted, their pigments, their brushes, their media; he discusses the purpose of their art, and reviews the still difficult problems of dating.

G M: Memories of George Moore

By Nancy Cunard. Hart-Davis. 25s.

Manet's *Etude pour 'Le Linge'*, which once belonged to George Moore, is now in the possession of Miss Nancy Cunard, and it is this painting that has inspired her to set down her memories of the writer. She first remembers him at the turn of the century when she was four and he forty-eight, a frequent visitor to her parents' country house at Nevill Holt in Leicestershire. He had met her mother before marriage and she enchanted him, he confessed, 'as a work of art enchants'. The father is a more obscure figure, elaborately carving cocoanuts in the tower room. But this book is not about her parents but about Moore, and there is nothing obscure or indefinite about the portrait which Miss Cunard so fastidiously presents.

Her memories are precise. He was already a famous author when she, eleven years of age, used to take him on country walks. In city suit and bowler hat he accompanied her over locked gates and jumped streams and scratched himself blackberrying. 'The awful day he bashed his bowler hat!' She even slapped his face when he accidentally kicked her pet dog. Nothing tells us more about his innate good nature than her comment, some years later, that her relative youth and inexperience did not prevent him giving her the whole of his mind in conversation. And the lasting delight of this book is that in these conversations with George Moore we do hear each living nuance of the 'bubbling hot dish of a voice' that could so irritate and amuse. His physical presence swims from the page, bold against the changing background. Here he perspires at tennis at Nevill Holt, his peck-a-boo shirt flapping wide open, near the yews fed with bucketfuls of bullocks' blood. Now, 'a large, distinguished carp', he discusses Roman Catholicism under the silver fox, life size, in the oak-panelled breakfast room: 'You cannot turn God into a biscuit'. And, of course, Ebury Street. Dinners at Cavendish Square during the war, in a room hung with Russian ballet curtains of shot arsenic-green lamé. And walks in Montparnasse, when, at seventy-four, he boasts of his 'conquests': 'I was a great dab at making love, you

know!'—said as he turns to her brusquely with rolling eyes.

But the hard centre of Miss Cunard's impression is Moore the ruthlessly dedicated artist, the joker who could bristle in defence of his isolation. 'If you go out and amuse yourself when you can't write', he says in a letter to her, 'your art life will waste into nothingness. An artist's life is in this like an acrobat's, he must exercise his craft daily, when inspiration is by him and when it is afar'. So we find him in quest of perfection, revising, revising, scrapping page after page in the belief that 'it is only by writing in vain that the subject becomes part of oneself'.

The book is not an attempt at a full portrait, but from this record of an affectionate relationship there arises a human figure in the atmosphere of his time. Miss Cunard has given us an illuminating supplement to Hone's *Life*.

China in Transition

By Henri Cartier-Bresson.

Thames and Hudson. 42s.

Describing his book as 'the diary of a journey in China, a diary kept by a photographer-reporter, for the most part in pictures', Henri Cartier-Bresson, whose technical skill is well known from his previous work, provides a most telling photographic commentary on China during its final months under Kuomintang rule and its first half-year under the Communist regime. Apart from a short introduction, comments are confined to a brief sentence or two on each photograph, but, like the captions used in the days of the silent film, they suffice to explain anything that may not be entirely self-explanatory in the pictures themselves. In only two of these comments is there anything to criticise. One of them repeats the hoary old myth about the Shanghai gardens having been 'forbidden to Chinese and dogs'; the other, referring to a picture of Yen Hsi-Shan, remarks that he is 'now in Formosa'. This might imply that Yen was there voluntarily as a Nationalist supporter; but, if report be true, Chiang has him under lock and key.

These, however, are but minor blemishes in a volume consisting primarily of excellent photographic reproductions illustrating the changes and developments taking place in China during the crucial eleven months they cover. As studies in facial expression the first two pictures are particularly good, one portraying two old friends meeting in Peking on the eve of its occupation by the Communists, while the other, even more striking, shows a solitary figure walking in the Forbidden City, rapt in thought and seemingly pondering deeply over what the coming change may portend. One of the final illustrations, depicting a group of long-time foreign residents leaving Shanghai after the arrival of the Communists, is equally expressive of the feelings of those portrayed and conveys more eloquently than words the emotions of men and women compelled to quit the land in which they had lived and laboured so long. In between are pictures showing various aspects of Chinese life, calculated to conjure up nostalgic recollections among former residents in China, and pictures adding point to accounts, heard at the time, of the utter demoralisation of the Chinese Nationalist troops and the high morale and good discipline of the victorious Communist forces. There are, too, pleasing pictures of the peasant dances popularised by the Communists and less pleasing pictures of hysterical girl students



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demonstrating and of the horrors which civil war brings in its train. Whether sad or gay, unusual or commonplace, every picture in this collection serves most effectively to illustrate events, developments and, above all, the human element in China during its year of transition from Nationalist to Communist rule.

The Life of Ludwig Mond

By J. M. Cohen. Methuen. 22s. 6d.

Half-a-century ago, the visitor travelling from London to Liverpool might observe with some surprise that the fast expresses pulled up at an insignificant station some way beyond Crewe, which bore the name of Hartford. *Habités* would inform him that Hartford was the station for Winnington, and might have added, if they had a mind to hyperbole, 'the Capital of the Empire of Brunner-Mond'—the forerunner of Imperial Chemical Industries.

It is curious that though his son Alfred, Lord Melchett, had his life written over twenty years ago, there has been so far no biography of Ludwig the founder. The late Professor Armstrong undertook the task, but unfortunately died, and the present volume has been written by Mr. Cohen largely from papers and other records collected by Mr. Robert Mathias, Ludwig's nephew and secretary and the only survivor of those who worked with him, as well as from recollections of friends and relatives and information possessed by those now in the service of I.C.I. It was a biography which was urgently needed—the English biographical tradition, as is only too apparent in the *Diction-*

ary of National Biography, is far too heavily weighted in favour of politics and literature as against industry and commerce; and it may be said at once that Mr. Cohen has done his job admirably, holding a good balance between the personal and family life of his subject and his scientific and industrial achievements. The only criticism which can be made is that the growth of the firm of Brunner-Mond on the business and financial side is treated somewhat cursorily; it comes as a surprise to the reader who has been taking in their struggles and set-backs in the 'seventies, during' which time, as John Brunner said, 'everything that could break down did break down and everything that could burst did burst', to find, only thirty-odd pages and a few years later, that Ludwig Mond is instructing Professor Richter to buy great pictures for him. No limit of price was given the Professor, whose first two purchases now hang in the National Gallery; but only a few bare notes of company flotations appear to explain this sudden affluence. To the technical appendices in the book might well have been added at least a table of the financial growth and ramifications of the business.

Ludwig Mond's life and character themselves make good reading. Born in Hesse of parents who profited by the brief emancipation brought to the Jews by the French Revolution, self-apprenticed to the great Bunsen when he was nineteen, plighted at twenty-two to the girl cousin of thirteen and a half who became his determined life-partner and head of his household, progressing *via* Utrecht to Farnworth in Lancashire, and at length buying the whole Winnington estate of that remarkable character Lord Stanley of Alderley for a site where the young Brunner-Mond company could build a factory to develop the Solway soda process, his story, though remarkable, was by no means of Horatio Alger type. Mr. Cohen traces faithfully his false starts and his errors, his occasional mistaken optimism, his reluctance to use electrical rather than chemical methods of production, and makes the sound point that chemical manufacturers, in the early days, were too prone to rely upon laboratory experiments alone and to try to dispense with practical testing—hence some of Mond's set-backs. Nevertheless, he was a brilliant scientist, a patron of the arts and a genuine philanthropist; it was perhaps fortunate for him that, worn-out by his second great effort in the production of nickel, he died in 1909, before he saw to what uses the enlightened twentieth century would put his discoveries and his work. He did not approve of the political behaviour of his native country after he had left it; but he exhibited no yearning to blow it to pieces.

The Dilemma of Being Modern

By J. P. Hodin.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 25s.

This book is a selection of the author's writings on art and criticism published during the last fifteen years; readers of *Horizon* will remember the two most important essays here, one on Expressionism and one on Goethe, both of which appeared in 1949. The first half of the book is made up of writing on Expressionism and of descriptions of personal encounters with Expressionist artists. There follows a group of interpretations of the lions of English art in which is figured the author's prize-winning essay 'Ben Nicholson, the Pythagorean'. The

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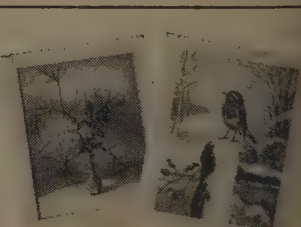
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book concludes with studies of critics and criticism.

It is in this last section that the author makes his position clear—despite an obscurity, inconsistency, and nebulousness that is outstanding even in a book devoted to generalisations about modern art. The critic's strength and value, Mr. Hodin says, lies in the 'creative power of his intuition . . . a deeply felt relationship with art . . . his character and the moral awareness of his task . . .'. In another passage we are told 'The judging of art follows universal rules valid throughout the world' and the critic must educate and lead in order to protect these universal standards. The forms that modern art have taken are in the nature of a protest, 'an outcry of creative man in desperation, surrounded by a world becoming more and more materialistic and mechanised'. Expressionism is the clearest demonstration of this; but we must also regard the splitting up of art into opposing styles (Expressionist and Formalist) as a symptom of the same thing, 'our rootlessness'.

The author leaves us in no doubt as to his views on the causes of this desperate situation; it is owing to science, materialism, and all the false certainties that, he considers, go with it. 'The feeling of happiness so many of us felt when we first heard of the uncertainty principle in modern physics' . . . can be measured only by the fear pervading at this time'. Nor is he impartial towards the despair that he finds in modern art; his essay on Kafka is, simply, an attack on pessimism, and that on Goethe, a plea for optimism. At a certain point the reader begins to wonder what the connection is between all this benign philosophising and art. It is here that these essays break down. We are not told what the 'universal rules' of criticism are nor can we deduce them, for when it comes to writing about an artist's work as such Mr. Hodin has next to nothing to say. Indeed it is a baffling aspect of the book that the more accurately focused his attention appears to be the more diffused his sense becomes and it is often impossible to make out what he really does think of the particular artist with whom he is dealing.

The fact is that Mr. Hodin is not so much a critic of art as a worshipper of critics and artists. Having sketched out his version of the horrid present, morbid and despairing, he projects into its centre these healing, beneficent, but imaginary Heroes, the Artist and the Critic. We meet both in many guises; as Munch, who obeyed 'the small but Mighty voice of creation', as Ensor, 'Farewell . . . I have had to travel far in order to speak with a sage who still knows the sweet and bitter secret of Being', as Henry Moore 'the forceful surgeon of sculpture' who 'struggles like Jacob with the angel when he stands in front of an unhealed block of stone' and 'a reclining female body is all that is given to him to shape the mystery of endless space which lives in his brain . . .'. In these ringing tones Mr. Hodin proclaims his allegiance to creative man.

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prefaces this volume with a short notice in memory of his old friend, and adds a characteristic portrait of him.

He also says that it has been his aim to make this volume, the one in which Lodge would have taken the greatest personal interest, into a 'super volume', and he has certainly succeeded. The life histories of many of the species are treated more fully than those of most of the birds considered in the earlier volumes; many of the birds are rare wanderers to this country and the observations of naturalists in other lands have been extensively drawn upon in addition to the author's wide experience in distant countries. It is a sad fact that many of our most noble birds of prey can no longer be studied in what were once their native haunts. There is, however, the other side to the picture, for some species have increased during the last half-century, and others seem to be at least holding their own.

Birds of prey have for too long been regarded as vermin, and at last an enlightened public opinion seems to be giving them more protection and less persecution. Had such a change in man's attitude to wild life been brought about half a century ago it might not have been necessary for the author to write of the osprey ' . . . it will be only the merest chance if a pair elects to visit one of the old nesting places in Scotland. . . . It would be a red-letter day indeed if such a miracle came to pass and future generations could hear again the wild cry of the osprey among our Scottish hills and watch again a pair at their fishing on Loch an Eilein as in the halcyon days of old.'

The Thought and Culture of the English Renaissance: An Anthology of Tudor Prose, 1481-1555. Edited by Elizabeth M. Nugent. Cambridge. 37s. 6d.

This anthology covers one of the important formative periods of our national life. During these seventy-five years the English state and English church began to put on their modern dress. The first printing-presses were set up in London. Ten new colleges were endowed at Oxford and Cambridge, and many of our great public and grammar schools were established. The new poetry of Wyatt and Surrey and the interludes of Medwall, Bale, and Heywood were written, foreshadowing, however dimly, the poetry and drama of Elizabeth's reign. The new houses of the great, Hampton Court, Nonsuch, Somerset House and the rest, assumed a hitherto unknown luxury and splendour; with Holbein's paintings and drawings, which gave for ages such a vivid reality to the court of Henry VIII, was born a new school of portrait-painters; Payfax and Cornish, Taverner, Tye and Whyte were musicians of note, and Tallis one of real distinction whose influence outlived him. The effects of Continental Renaissance and Reformation thought were in England felt almost simultaneously, and there was an intensification of every kind of intellectual activity.

The all-embracing title that Miss Nugent gives her volume is misleading. Since it is a prose anthology, and contains only a hundred passages of an average length of five pages, it cannot be expected to include all of even the most important manifestations of 'the thought and culture of the English Renaissance'. Nor is justice always done to what is represented. For example, eight short excerpts are given from the statutes of the newly founded Christ's College, Cambridge, and Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Apart from oblique references in other extracts and one or two scraps of editorial comment, this is all that we learn of the university education that was received by almost all the Elizabethan worthies. And we hear nothing

of the Inns of Court, which in those days may be said in a sense to have formed a University of London. Deficiencies there are, then, but there is also a great deal for which we can be grateful. There are sections devoted to the humanists and the grammarians, to the political and social theorists, to the physicians and herbalists, the divines and religious controversialists, the chroniclers and historians, the writers and translators of romances; each section is introduced by a distinguished scholar, Douglas Bush, for instance, writing on the humanists, H. S. Bennett on the romances. There are excellent biographical notes on the authors represented.

These authors have been chosen for what they contributed to the intellectual life of the period rather than as stylists, yet there is plenty of beautiful writing. This is bound to be the case where so much is taken from Sir Thomas More and his associates, the early Biblical translators, and chroniclers and biographers of the sensibility of Berners and Cavendish. But even technical works, like Elyot's *Governor*, Cheke's *Hurt of Sedition*, or the anonymous *Great Herbal*, are written with a feeling for language that is seldom found in their modern counterparts.

Not only are we introduced to the great scholars and writers of Tudor days; we catch glimpses also of life in less exalted spheres. Simon Fish tells Henry VIII about his many subjects who have been reduced to beggary by the exactions of the clergy, and exhorts him to relieve their misery by the confiscation of the monastic properties; Sir Anthony Fitzherbert instructs farmers' wives how they may fill their days with useful employment; and the kind of edifying conversation that schoolboys were expected to carry on in Latin is illustrated from their conversation-manuals, from which the following samples are taken: 'Beef and mutton be so dear that a pennyworth of meat will scant suffice a boy at a meal'; 'Upon Ludgate, the fore-quarter of a man is set upon a pole'.

In spite of the last quotation, the dominant impression left by this anthology is of an age governed by humanity and good sense; the literature, even that which professes to be recreational, is predominantly didactic, and its chief object is to bring Englishmen up to be good Christians and sound citizens.

Soviet Attitudes Toward Authority By Margaret Mead.

Tavistock Publications. 21s.

A team of nine social scientists, none of whom seems to have visited the U.S.S.R. in recent years, settled down to study Soviet attitudes to authority under the guidance of Margaret Mead. Most of the information they used was derived from books, newspapers, and interviews with recent emigrants, but nothing is quoted which bears a date later than 1949, and since then Khrushchev has spoken. The report, one would think, could hardly be particularly illuminating.

However, we all know that Dr. Margaret Mead is no fool, and there is a great deal in the report that throws a light not only on the Stalin period but on the changes that have taken place since then. Two linked hypotheses are put forward. The first is that the Russians assume 'the coexistence of both good and evil in all individuals, and, in attitudes towards individuals, an expectation that friends could behave like enemies is combined with an expectation that this behaviour could also be reversed—by confession, repentance, and restoration of the former state'. The second is that in the U.S.S.R. there is none of that separation of the personality into independent roles to which we are used. A worker is not a man who has several 'lives'—at home, with his friends, at work—each of which brings out



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JONATHAN CAPE

certain facets of his character. He is totally committed in all he does. He must serve the state as father, as footballer, and as operative in the factory. If he makes a mistake, which he is liable to do because he is compounded of good and evil, he is totally bad. This means that constant watchfulness is demanded of him, watchfulness of himself and of others, and an elaborate scheme of moral education, aimed at strengthening the will in its fight against the evil within, must be formulated.

This evaluation of people in terms of black and white, and the educational principles to which it gives rise, will be familiar to anyone who has visited the Soviet Union. It has already been noted by sympathisers in the West that when Stalin was posthumously unmasked he was found to be totally wicked. He who is not with us in every respect is against us. There is no neutrality, no shading. When it comes to the choice: is it better that ten innocent men should suffer rather than one guilty man escape, or is it better that ten guilty men should escape rather than one innocent man be condemned? the theory that all men are guilty in their heart of hearts makes the Russians lean towards the former alternative.

Another suggestion, the value of which is harder to assess, is that the leadership chain suffers from a systematic discontinuity. At the top the Party are in possession of the Truth. The leaders, whether an individual or a group, must set the pattern, but further down the line 'each leader is confronted with the impossible task of being a model for those who look over his head to a model higher and more perfect than he, although he is wholly accountable for them'. Clearly if this is so the absence of a personal loyalty to the leader immediately above must make relations difficult. Only research on the spot could confirm such an hypothesis.

One of the boring features of most books on the U.S.S.R. is that they are either for or against. On the whole, the writers of this one have made some attempt to be objective. Although in one major particular it is out of date, and in spite of the fact that it is surprisingly ill-written, it is well worth reading. Let us not jeer at such an analysis from afar; after all a lot of people think they know a lot about ancient Greece which by the nature of things they could not have visited.

The Zambezi Expedition of David Livingstone, 1858 to 1863. Volume I: Journals. Volume II: Journals, Letters and Dispatches.

Edited by J. P. R. Wallis.

Chatto and Windus. 84s.

The Central African Archives has steadily been publishing a number of the valuable manuscripts which have come into its possession. The printers have lavished their skill on producing these records, which are here beautifully printed on rich paper and magnificently illustrated. One cannot help wishing that equal care had been spent on the scholarly production of these manuscripts, for it does not seem to have been the policy of the Central African Archives to jangle them as historical records at all. One has the feeling that these documents are hoarded as curiosities and antiques, to be gloated over in possession, and to be set out in the beauty of a museum case or, when printed, in rich binding. One is forced to conclude that this is Archives policy, since most of the series suffer from the same inadequate editing: only a couple, like Professor Schapera's *Apprenticeship at Kuruman*, form notable exceptions. And Professor Wallis is too erudite a historian not to have done the editing properly, had he been given

space, time, and money. Certainly his 'introduction' to the present volumes is a masterly piece of concise scholarship.

Here then are a jumbled lot of some of the original records, letters, and dispatches which lay behind David Livingstone's book on his second great set of journeys in Africa (*Narrative of an Expedition to the Zambezi and its Tributaries*), which David published under his own and his brother Charles' names. This was the book which told of the discovery of Lake Nyasa, of the more adequate exploration of the Lower Zambezi and its delta, of the Shire valley, and of the lower Rovuma. It told also of how the slave-trade and slave-raiding, largely under the impact of Yao migration, spread devastation into a new part of Africa, and of the unhappy consequences of this for the attempt, which Livingstone inspired, to found an English mission in Central Africa. For it was to this area, under Livingstone's aegis, that the newly founded Universities Mission to Central Africa, answering his thrilling appeal at Cambridge, sent a party under Bishop Mackenzie. The book also recorded an important chapter in the relations between Portuguese, British, Arabs, and Africans. And finally it described how Livingstone himself, thick with the honours which greeted his first great journeys in Africa, failed in many ways with a far better equipped expedition, and above all failed to lead successfully a party of Englishmen, as he had led parties of Africans.

In view of the importance, therefore, of these original documents, one would have expected that a condition of editorship was that they be related, in detail, to the well-known book; and that Livingstone's versions of events would be compared with those of other participants, some of whose records and memories have been published. But nothing of the sort has been attempted. Indeed, where one journal breaks off to be followed by the reproduction of another journal beginning long afterwards, there is not even an indication of what happened to the expedition in the interim. The journals are published more or less as they stand, as are the letters and dispatches. There are a few footnotes to cover occasional, and often unimportant and irrelevant, officers in terms of their subsequent careers, because Livingstone happened to see them at Freetown or Cape Town, or they happened to captain naval vessels calling at the Zambezi. There are no explanations to cover the more important and relevant Portuguese, Africans, and Arabs who pass through the pages. At no time is one told explicitly why a specific journey or voyage was being undertaken: so that perhaps the one total merit of this way of presenting archival material is that one gets an impression of dreary futility. As the boats struggle up and down the Zambezi on apparently pointless journeys, one begins to sense why the morale of the members of the expedition, all of them hot, suffering, and ill, deteriorated so badly.

In short, for those interested in Livingstone's story, or the history of Central Africa, this publication is quite inadequate, unless they are prepared to do in detail the work of fitting these newly available documents to Livingstone's own book and the writings of others. Those who know nothing of these other writings will not be able to make head or tail of these documents, despite the good 'introduction'. But they are a fine specimen of what a good printer can do.

The Art of Greek Comedy

By Katherine Lever. Methuen. 21s.

This is a concise, informative, and crisply written book. Designed in the first instance for readers with little or no Greek, it summarises conveniently and objectively the present state of our knowledge concerning the origins of Comedy, deals in some detail with Aristophanes

(the only Greek dramatist of whom complete comedies have survived), and traces systematically, if somewhat superficially, the evolution of Middle and New Comedy, which foreshadow the modern romantic Comedy of manners. To compress all this into some two hundred pages must have been no easy task, and it is rendered more difficult by the author's praiseworthy attempt to provide a full picture of the historical context.

In consequence she tends to change the subject just as she is becoming most interesting, and to advance critical suggestions which deserve further exploration, but, as formulated, are only half-truths. Thus she sketches, but does not adequately elaborate, the theory that Tragedy is concerned with the relation of human beings to forces which lie beyond their control, Comedy with their relation to controllable forces. (Surely Tragedy too admits of plots in which men at some time are masters of their fates?) Later she suggests, but hardly demonstrates, that Aristophanes' plays gain dramatically by the dominating role of the chorus; yet Aristophanes himself seems to have thought differently, since the chorus has an insignificant part in his last two plays, which belong to Middle Comedy. Again, in her treatment of Menander she touches most stimulatingly on theatrical convention and realism, but has no room in which to develop her argument. In fact, although she has a remarkable capacity for packing information into a confined space without inducing stuffiness, her book might reasonably have been twice as long. As an essay it is both readable and provocative, and paints a picture which has candour and balance, if lacking in depth and colour. It is to be hoped that a second and enlarged edition will be forthcoming.

A History of Latin America from the Beginnings to the Present

By Hubert Herring. Cape. 55s.

This New World. The Civilisation of Latin America. By William Lytle Schurz. Allen and Unwin. 25s.

These two books are aimed at different publics. Mr. Herring's is large, solid, and usually meticulous—though one map of linguistic distribution in Latin America in 1951 makes Jamaica speak Spanish. It is in fact a text-book written by a North American professor mainly for North American college students. Mr. Schurz has written mainly for young North American business men setting out to conquer the rest of the New World, and this may account for his lighter touch as well as for the regrettable frequency of small errors, typographical and otherwise. One deserves attention: on page sixteen Mr. Schurz places Cortés in the Amazonian jungle, which is a howler on a par with putting stout Cortés silent on a peak in Darien.

Mr. Schurz is very acute and well documented on the problems to which he confines his attention. He writes about all the peoples who have together made present-day Latin-American civilisation—white, red, black, and mixed—and of various other forces, such as the Church and the City. His remarks on the thorny question of treatment of the Indians in colonial times are both humane and duly complex, in contrast to Mr. Herring, who over-simplifies the questions of the *encomienda* and the humanitarian influence on Spanish-American labour law in the sixteenth century. On miscegenation Mr. Schurz is particularly enlightening, although he does miss—as he usually does not—a chance to splash local colour since he omits a reference to the early nineteenth-century Englishman who made a good thing in Brazil out of selling his plentiful, pretty mulatto daughters.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Mighty Atoms

'THERE'S SOME WONDERFUL thinking to be done about Uranium 235', a character in an inconspicuous novel published in 1942 was made to say. It was I who made him say it; and now the thinking has been done and we have Calder Hall and a leading article in *THE LISTENER* last week telling us that October 17, 1956, 'may well come to be considered an important date in the



As seen by the viewer: 'Atoms for Power', a programme from Britain's first full-scale nuclear power station, at Calder Hall, on October 16. Left, the reactor control desk; right, twenty-four uranium fuel elements in the loading machine



history of our country'. I obtrude the personal note as a point of perspective. Fifteen years ago, when the novel was written, the atom was a rhetorical subject. So much so that although the final world-shattering project at Oak Ridge, U.S.A., was pushing ahead, the vice-president, Harry Truman, had no knowledge of it until the day after he succeeded Roosevelt at the White House. Now, atomic energy has begun to have arterial significance in our national life.

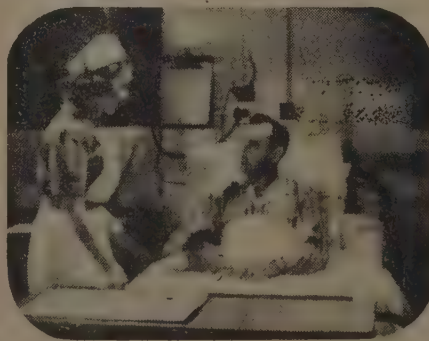
The day on which that process was formally consummated might be thought to have merited more general celebration. A hundred and twenty years ago the flags were out for the new railways. The television broadcast from Calder Hall illustrated a stiffly official occasion, conveying a restrained and perhaps inadequate sense of history. Almost there was the suggestion that there lurked in the knowledgeable minds gathered about the Queen's presence a suspicion of the new age that was being inaugurated. The only smiling face shown to us was that of the Lord Privy Seal, Mr. Butler, who kept such a blandly approving eye on the Queen's script as she was reading that one wondered if he had written it. The final effect of the broadcast was not very impressive. This could have been the launching of a lifeboat instead of an epoch. Agreeing that it was not necessarily a flag-waving event, one was left a bit apprehensive by the soft-pedalling. The fault did not lie with the B.B.C. television cameras. They did their best to register what *THE LISTENER* thinks will be a historical date.

In a week which saw the beginnings of what could be profound economic change in these islands, we viewers by the million were more excited by the chance of gazing on the form and figure of 'Miss World, 1956', who, as I saw for myself, bloomed more beautifully on the cinema screen than she did on television. What

gation to fourth place came almost as a shock.

Presumably there are satisfied owners of British cars. 'Panorama' did not encourage that belief in its canvass of experience as a preface to the Motor Show. It seemed needlessly hard on 'the trade', which reacted smartly next morning. The individual owner complaints were loud and various, and what they came to was that while the British designer is too often behind the times, it is the British workman who is the villain of the story of declining respect. It made good television but whether it was good business to treat the subject so lopsidedly is another matter. The best case was made by the Volkswagen owner who said: 'I can't afford to be patriotic'.

One of these days there will be a heart attack on television and it might occur in 'This Is Your Life', the programme in which an unsuspecting member of the studio audience is



'Thursdays Clinic' on October 18: the first of three Outside Broadcast visits to St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington

Photographs: John Cura

spotlighted and compelled to listen while Eamonn Andrews, with unctious stop full out, proceeds to rip open the victim's past; gently it is true, but at considerable risk to his or her composure. Last week, the unrelenting beam fell on Ada Reeve, some-time music-hall favourite who, at eighty-two, obviously loved the remembrancing but whose emotion seemed to us at home to contain the possibility of uninsurable emergency. An import from American television and in many ways distasteful, the programme repels with its nominal and essentially insincere regard for other people's feelings. If anyone is to *compère* such a show let it be Eamonn Andrews, none other; his *savoir faire* is wonderfully preserved. Maliciously, one hopes to see it tested by a sacrificial victim rising up and telling him what to do with the script which he so lovingly cherishes all through the programme. It is fair to say that he steered Ada Reeve, the old dear, through her ordeal with all the consideration that the circumstances permit. The idea of one's friends, neighbours, and relations being cajoled, perhaps bullied, into conspiring in an act of self-assertiveness which may be alien to one's temperament strikes me as being wrong.

There was a chance of a crisis of the sort predicated above occurring in 'Press Conference' last Friday night, when Sir Alan Herbert appeared for questioning about the Copyright Bill, only to be told that it was a banned subject on account of the fourteen-day rule of parliament. As a result, 'Press Conference' became a verbal rough-and-tumble which made good if incoherent entertainment. Blinking as new to the limelight, the sage of Hammersmith gave rather better than he got in a series of exchanges which may not have added much to our understanding of several topics but made a lively half-hour's viewing. There was never a dull moment.

That, unfortunately, cannot be the verdict on 'Thursdays Clinic', a well-intentioned, carefully wrought documentary study of routines at St. Mary's Hospital, London. In a somewhat portentous *Radio Times* article, the producer, Bill Duncalf, writes: 'Working on this interesting assignment has increased my confidence in and admiration for hospital treatment in this country'. It would be nice to be able to say as much for him and his treatment of hospital life in this programme. Judging by what we saw last week, we are not going to be any wiser or better informed than we were after a similar series done for television about two years ago. But it will be fair to wait until we have seen the two programmes which Mr. Duncalf has in hand.

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Soviet Swans

B.B.C. TELEVISION—before the event—seemed to have a real swan's feather in its cap: securing the Bolshoi Theatre ballet for the millions while touts in Floral Street are still offering stalls at 'thirty quid a pair guv'nor'. Owners of television sets became strangely popular. All Sunday the telephone shrilled like toothache. 'I just wondered if I could possibly come and peep...' etc. Resisting the temptation to reply 'But you never want to come and peep on Groves' night', one invited them in. By 9.50 my bedroom was fuller than it had been since the King's funeral.

What followed was anti-climax of the most poignant order. To begin with, those tattered,

dim film snippets were a great mistake—they merely suggest the fustian aspects without revealing any of the virtues of the Moscow company. Western ballet at its worst is arty and *chi-chi*. Moscow ballet at its worst is 'official art', dreadful in the way that the Stalin Allee in east Berlin is dreadful. At its best, Soviet ballet has certain qualities which are very remarkable. These films did not reveal them. The minutes should have been spent giving the male dancers of the company a chance to exhibit their elevation and slow jumps. Live, the second act of Swan Lake seemed quite a good choice—again, before the event. Here, after all, is a ballet which is well known in this country and in this last quarter-century has been marvellously danced by Spessivsteva, Danilova, Toumanova, not to mention some of our home chicks. So—the reasoning must have been—this was the best choice in which to show the comparative Moscow standard.

But had it been realised that what Moscow uses is not the wonderful choreographic poem of Ivanov, but the later version by Gorsky which is like Raphael Tuck compared to Ingres? Thus much of it, apart from the shockingly bumpily conducted music, was totally unfamiliar to most viewers. Again, the point of Gorsky's 'Lac' is its grandiose diagonal lines and sheer size: the last quality which anyone (even Margaret Dale who is very good at her job) could even suggest on a domestic television screen. Much that we find odd in Soviet style—the foot cocked up in arabesque like a genteel little finger in tea drinking, the hands which flap like handkerchiefs, the unchiselled beaten steps, and the knee-length or tennis-frock tutus, are 'in the flesh' immediately compensated for by the length and strength of the *jetés*, for example, which cover the ground far more grandly than what one sees in the West. This again was largely lost on television. *En revanche*, the



Galina Ulanova as Odette, the Swan Queen, and Nicolai Fadeychev as Prince Siegfried, with members of the Bolshoi Theatre Ballet in an excerpt from Act II of 'Swan Lake' on October 21

thing to J. B. Priestley's 'Dangerous Corner'. One of the guests is found dead, but all might have passed off as an accident if the police had been rung up without delay. But once pause, once let your alcoholic brother begin asking sly, innocent-seeming questions, and there is no knowing what nasty things may not come to light. The first fifty minutes of this unravelling gripped. Michael Gough was admirable as the implacable mischief-maker; and though his victims tended to stand about rather stiffly, they spoke up with spirit and convincingly. Stanley Baker as the film-star idol was appropriately glum and manly; Jack May as his agent suitably weak and rattling. Julia Worth, Helen Shingler, and as *corpus redivivum*—and very pretty too—Barbara Murray were the ladies involved. Stephen Harrison produced ably. If you saw it, keep the end a secret; it would do a second time. PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

A Deep Look

HYACINTH ROBINSON, you may remember—I had not, being a stranger to the novel—gave the Princess a deep look as they went into the house, and she smiled as if she guessed every



Derek Farr as Edward Bare and Margaret Lockwood as Freda Jeffries in 'Murder Mistaken' on October 18

consonant he hadn't uttered'. The trouble, it appears to me, with Henry James' 'The Princess Casamassima' (Third) is that it is always giving deep looks at nothing in particular. I imagine that one has to be a persuaded Jamesian to sift every grain from this work. And although Mary Hope Allen is always to be trusted in adaptation and production, I could not feel after three nights with the bookbinder, the Princess, Lady Aurora, and all, that this was a novel designed for drama. Much of James has come readily to the air: this one (and I can speak merely in a

camera nosing in to the *pas de deux* showed Ulanova badly off centre in one turn within her partner's arms and failed to disclose any kind of brilliance whatever in the coda (in which Danilova, regally picking up her feet like a cat on hot bricks, remains in recent memory supreme).

On the other hand, Ulanova's moth-like fragility, the wonderful fluid line of her dance, certain mannerisms of the neck and the eloquent arms were intermittently glimpsed. But the great *adagio* was a good deal less than the poem it ought to have been. Neither the elegiac nor the brilliant elements of the ballet came over in sufficient strength.

I suggest (wise after the event) that we should have had instead the balcony scene *pas de deux* from 'Romeo' by Ulanova and Zhdanov, or Struchkova and Fadeychev, in the long *duo* from 'Giselle', Act II; some solos and some passages of pure mime from such actors as Koren (glimpsed in the film extract, it is true) and from Ulanova herself who has histrionic powers of an exceptional kind. Watching her you can see thoughts form in her hands or in her breast, as if her heart were exposed by x-rays. Sometimes you would swear she had spoken or laughed. If ever a ballerina could persuade us that silence is golden, speech redundant, it is she. But of all this we saw next to nothing on Sunday. One carried away, at best, some impression of her 'line', which is like a painter's still-quivering brush stroke, and of a decided lack of brilliance in two places. However, that feather can still be worn, I think.

This great occasion was set off by a new play by Philip Mackie, 'A Death in the Family', which I must say I enjoyed until the sheer garrulity of these people conducting an inquest among themselves wore down my patience. The scheme owed some-



scene from 'A Death in the Family' on October 21, with (left to right) Jack May as Paul, Michael Gough as Michael, Julia Worth as Jane, Stanley Baker as Richard Eynesham, and Helen Shingler as Lilian

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(whisper) is for ever beginning to say something but it never finishes. The novelist, taking a deep look at London of the eighteen-eighties, offers a kind of sustained Burleigh's Nod; it seems impressive, but, as the Mark Twain character said, 'it don't signify'.

If I knew the book I might have thought otherwise, but the piece appeared to me to have no grading* in the James list of, say, 'Henry I' in another writer's. There is, of course, a difference: in the chronicle everyone knocks everyone else about with enthusiasm, and nobody ever stops for a deep look. Perhaps the dramatic version of 'The Princess' might have reached us better as a serial in eight short instalments. The three longish ones were bound to be unwieldy and slow. It would have been less tiring to have drawn the play out; and, in the deceptive way of the episodic piece, it would have had the illusion of movement. Still, there was; and, no doubt, addicts had fun. One can get used to a work, study it until every page is an old friend: I did this long, long ago with an unfortunate novel of Bulwer Lytton called *Leila*, of which everything has now escaped me except that it had more action than *The Princess Casamassima*.

James is writing of a young man, Hyacinth, whose French mother had died in prison when he was a child: she had stabbed Lord Frederick in the back with a very long knife. Hyacinth, under the burden of heredity, had been brought up in slummy London (in 'the Place') by a nevolent sempstress. When he grows up and becomes a bookbinder, the strangest things happen to him. He is involved with working-class revolutionaries, though goodness knows that sort of revolution it would have been. He meets Lady Aurora who is vague about it all, but who seems to find it Heaven's bliss to sit a talkative cripple and mildly sinister mother in a Camberwell attic—the things that went on in Camberwell during the 'eighties!—and he also calls on the Princess, who is a *prince fatale*, fair and shining and slender, with an effortless majesty, and three diamond stars glittering in her hair. She knows all sorts of people. She knows the ground is breaking under their feet. She talks about the Cause. She is, apparently, what somebody calls 'a conspiring socialist'—the kind of phrase with which Huston might have roused Mephistophilis—but she reminded me (and it was no slight upon Maxine Audley, the actress) of those women from Edwardian drama who swirled upon the stage (usually the old-oak set) of a 'stock' theatre three decades ago. They gave the house a deep look as they entered.

I need not go on. There are dark hints. Somebody, somewhere, is likely to die the death. Nothing happens except the suicide of Hyacinth—doomed from the first—and I can hardly blame him. A very odd three nights. Production and casting were impeccable: Miss Audley, Timothy Bateson, Patricia Hayes, Denise Bryer—nothing at all wrong there—and I am sure that Miss Allen did everything possible with intractable material. As for the material itself, why was I haunted constantly by a word or two from *The Young Visitors*, (his friend gave a wry smile and swallowed a few drops of sherry wine)?

In Allan Prior's 'The Gorgio Girl' (Home), we faced various social problems. Gypsies live, like Jo, in constant danger of being moved on. And a Romany who loves a Gorgio is likely to be blackballed in any decent camp. Did not the poet say 'The Romany lass to the Romany lad to the tie of a roving breed'? I am not sure whether Mr. Prior was giving a deep look at the problems, or whether he was telling a rather tame magazine story. He hoped (I feel) for the first; it proved (I fear) to be the second. Anyway, there was much conscientious atmosphere,

there was a character called Uncle Abdomen, a voice said that the young man would be happier with the wind in his face—certainly he hated it indoors, with the television on and the windows closed—and there was a splendid performance by Baliol Holloway, who takes in his stride anything from a remote King of Jacobean drama to a Romany parent. On the whole, a luckless week—my own fault, perhaps. But thank goodness Henry James never wrote a Romany novel!

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Bookish

IT WAS A PLEASURE to return to duty and find myself faced with an unusually bookish week. The word, it is true, has acquired a slightly derogatory tang thanks to our British philistinism, but for anyone who loves literature and talk about literature 'bookish' has a warm and comfortable sound. It began on Sunday when Philip Toynbee, 'Talking of Books', reviewed the new edition of the *Collected Poems* of A. E. Housman in the Penguin Series. I was a minute or so late in switching him on, and was surprised and outraged to hear him holding up to scorn a poem which if not one of Housman's best is . . . well, a good poem. I was surprised because Mr. Toynbee's treatment seemed to me obtuse and club-fisted, qualities which are the reverse of those I associate with his criticism. But I was soon disabused, for Mr. Toynbee having finished his diatribe set to work on the same poem again and treated it with great respect. It was a neat and amusing device to exhibit the extremes of opinion on Housman's poetry which have raged for the last forty years or so. Mr. Toynbee's own view turned out to be as liberal and humane as I had expected.

Joyce Cary, later in the day, gave a loose, rambling, and very interesting talk on his 'Unfinished Novels', which number more than he has finished and published. As one who has attempted the laborious job of novel-writing, I was aghast at this reckless squandering of energy. But there is always the chance, Mr. Cary told us, that these abandoned novels, or some of them, will be finished sooner or later, and this puts a very different complexion on his method of work. Perhaps in the end it will turn out to have been a labour-saving device.

A short story read on the Home Service at bedtime called 'Caleb's Weather' by Y. M. Goldney had the rare merit of being a ghost story which froze the blood. Why one should enjoy having the blood frozen is a question for psychologists of which I don't know the answer, but the fact remains that it is a rich experience. The writing of a good short story requires much of the multifarious awareness of the lyric poet. The relationship of the characters, the passage of time slow or quick as the story develops, the visual impressions, must be precisely and economically given: there is no time for leisurely development. I noticed one or two small but vital blemishes in this story but its main object was achieved—a thrill, in fact three separate thrills, of horror which lost nothing in the telling by Laidman Browne.

Gladys Young is reading Edward Sackville-West's delightful *Simpson* in twelve instalments, of which she reached the second last week. I always enjoy Miss Young's reading whether of verse or of prose, but for this critic it has the drawback that it leaves him with nothing to criticise. This time however I am able to fasten on a small but important detail, that she made *Simpson*'s quiet but unhesitating assurance in addressing her 'betters' a trifle too cocky in tone.

Lady Eve Balfour had the great good fortune to have A. J. Balfour for an uncle, and in a talk

about him and some of the many distinguished visitors to Whittingehame, his home in the Scottish Lowlands, she drew a most sympathetic picture of an uncle adored by the crowd of young nephews and nieces for whom Whittingehame was a second home. Lady Eve is an extremely good broadcaster: her lively delivery re-created in warm colours a society, intelligent, gay, rich but very far from idle, which is rapidly becoming extinct.

A series of four broadcasts called 'Something in the City' began last week with a programme called 'Introducing the City—Business Centre of the World'. Honesty compels me to state that I had not the slightest wish to be introduced to the City. All I ask of banks, insurance companies, the Stock Exchange, and all the other activities that crowd themselves into the square mile that we call the City is that they should behave themselves in a useful and reliable manner. None the less I found the information thrust upon me so lucidly by Harold Wincott surprisingly interesting. He responded fully and unhesitatingly to what seemed to me awkward questions put to him by a housewife, Mrs. Hector McNeil; a bus-conductor, J. Plant, and a school-master, A. W. Rowe. Cyril Ray was an efficient chairman. I now know more than I need to know about such things as convertible currency and take-over bids, and shall seize every opportunity to work them into my conversation.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Symphonies 1904-1952

THE IMMENSE AND SPRAWLING effusion, pouring like ectoplasm from a medium, which Mahler called his Sixth Symphony, the taut, direct and uncomplicated Seventh Symphony of Prokofiev; and that elusive, sophisticated will-o'-the-wisp, Roussel's Fourth—these have represented during the past week the range of symphonic exploration in the first half of the present century. Or should one say that they exhibit the confusion into which the explorers have fallen? In no other period of fifty years in the past has there been a comparable disparity of aim and manner in symphonic composition.

And just half way through the period up pops the disruptive figure of Arnold Schönberg with not a symphony but a Serenade which purports (I suppose) to carry on the tradition of entertainment-music, as practised by Telemann, Mozart, and other old masters. But who was entertained? For the Serenade, which was presumably well performed by the Virtuoso Chamber Ensemble under that expert Schönbergian, René Leibowitz, remains as inscrutable and unappetising as when it was written thirty-three years ago. It has not 'dated', like the contemporary music of 'Les Six', nor has it acquired the patina of an old master, like Stravinsky's once outrageous 'Rite of Spring'. It remains incomprehensible, save possibly to the score-reader in the study, and not merely grotesque but ugly.

Mahler's symphony was faithfully presented by the B.B.C. Orchestra under the direction of Norman Del Mar—a notable feat of mental and physical endurance. The work is rarely played, which is hardly surprising, for it comprises all Mahler's weaknesses and few of his attractive qualities. It goes on and on, like one of Ramsay MacDonald's later speeches, without ever coming to the point. Still, the Third Programme was doing its duty to the musical public, and to Mahler's admirers in particular, by giving them this proof of the pudding.

Roussel is a composer whose music does not, I find, 'stay with one'. It has charm and elegance, it is beautifully written, yet, from some want of force of character, it leaves no strong impression behind. It was well played



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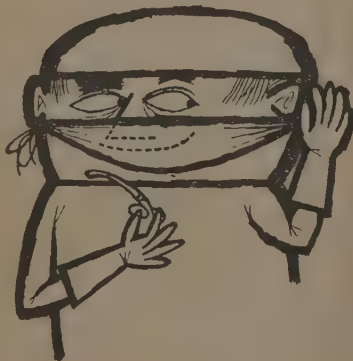
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by the B.B.C. Orchestra again, under the direction of Pedro de Freitas Branco who is in command of that body for a while. The conductor, who also directed the performances of Prokofiev's Symphony, seems more at home in modern and Latin works—for Prokofiev absorbed something of the French spirit during his Parisian exile—than in the music of the German romantics. His reading of 'Till Eulenspiegel', at least, differed strangely from all others I have heard at the hands of many conductors ranging from Sir Henry Wood to Strauss himself and such faithful interpreters as Clemens Krauss, all of whom presented the main features of this portrait of an engaging rogue in much the same light. Can they all have been wrong?

Prokofiev's last symphony has a gaiety and a childlike innocence that, with its touches of

lyrical poetry, make it one of the most attractive of contemporary works. It peters out into triviality in the last movement, as so often happens in Prokofiev's music—in the 'Romeo and Juliet' ballet, for instance. He seemed unable to sustain a whole composition on one level of thought, but always felt impelled at some point or other to put his head through a horse-collar.

The Third Programme put on two performances in English of Dvořák's 'The Pig-headed Peasants', a farcical little piece in the manner of 'The Bartered Bride', but hardly of the same calibre as its model. The performance by Midland B.B.C. forces with soloists recruited from the metropolitan opera-companies under Leo Wurmser was lively and made a good entertainment. On Saturday afternoon the Home Service put on a performance of 'Tosca' which

may be labelled Italian provincial. There was a young tenor (Franco Corelli) with a good voice, who needed the discipline of a more authoritative conductor, an elderly baritone (Tagliabue) who treated Scarpia as a juicy slice of 'ham', and a soprano who served up with that meat what sounded like a dish of scrambled eggs. For her voice had neither firmness nor edge.

It is a little difficult to understand why it should have been thought worth while to import this performance of a standard work from Italy, even to fill an afternoon when most people were watching football. Something more like the real thing could have been had from our despised and neglected Royal Opera, either by relay-recording, a few months back when Zinka Milanov gave there a really 'stunning' performance in the title-role.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Michael Tippett's Piano Concerto

By COLIN MASON

The first performance of the Concerto will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 7.30 p.m. on Tuesday, October 30

MICHAEL TIPPETT, like William Walton, is a slow worker. When the directors of the Birmingham Symphony Orchestra commissioned him (together with Rubbra and Bliss) to write them a major work, they therefore generously did not insist on a completely new one, but agreed to accept, when it was complete, the Piano Concerto which he had already been actively engaged on for two years, and had been thinking about for a good deal longer than that.

The actual moment of conception of the concerto was as long ago as 1950, when Tippett, hearing Gieseking play Beethoven's G major Concerto, at a moment when he was probably in an exceptionally exalted and receptive mood after the successful performance of his own Symphony in the same concert, suddenly recovered the full force of his profound adolescent experience of Beethoven's music, which had at that period affected him more strongly than any other, and was filled with a desire to try to reproduce the lyrical quality of Beethoven's piano-writing in a concerto of his own. For two years he was obliged to contain the desire and store the idea away at the back of his mind while he worked on his opera 'The Midsummer Marriage', but as soon as this was finished he took up the Concerto and worked continuously at it, in his steady way, for three years, completing it, slightly earlier perhaps, after the Birmingham commission, than he would otherwise have done, in August 1955.

During those three years he produced two other considerable works that may seem to contradict what was said at the beginning about its slowness, and Birmingham's need to accept work already begun. One was the 'Fantasia Concertante on a theme of Corelli' for string orchestra, commissioned for the 1953 Edinburgh Festival to celebrate the tercentenary of Corelli's birth; the other the divertimento 'Selling's Sound' (incorporating the variation on the same theme that Tippett had contributed to the composite set commissioned for the 1953 Aldeburgh Festival), written for Paul Sacher and the Basle Chamber Orchestra.

These two works, however, are the product of different departments of Tippett's imagination from the one in which the Piano Concerto was created. Although they are themselves sharply contrasted, they are similar in that both are based on other composers' themes, and although unmistakably Tippett's music, are both relatively impersonal works, the one a professional composer's fulfilment of a fairly closely specified

job, the other a *jeu d'esprit* arising out of a less serious commission. The Piano Concerto, on the other hand, written entirely to please himself, to fulfil a strong and particular creative desire aroused by a deep experience, and not written immediately nor against time, but allowed to simmer in his imagination for two years, is a completely personal work of altogether another significance in Tippett's creative life.

This difference is immediately apparent in the close musical affinity that the Concerto, unlike the other two works, has with Tippett's opera. In them he was able, being less deeply involved, to seek a change and relaxation from the intimate personal style of the opera, but in the Concerto he turns to it again, to continue and develop it. So close is the similarity that the listener who is fairly familiar with the opera may think when he hears the Concerto that there is even some thematic connection. Certainly the material of the Concerto, probably as a result of its two years of incubation while Tippett was completing the opera, is soaked in associations with this work, associations that are particularly strong in the orchestration, especially in the prominent use of the horns and the celesta (both important in the opera's 'magic' episodes), and in the clear echoes of certain distinctive cadences from the opera. These close similarities however are deceptive, and the general relationship of the two works is less thematic than simply harmonically and tonally idiomatic; rather like, for instance, the relationship of the D minor sections in the first movement of Mozart's 'Prague' Symphony to the passages in the same key in 'Don Giovanni'.

The basis of this idiomatic similarity is the prominence in both works of formations of consecutive perfect fourths, which in the opera heavily supplemented, and in the Concerto begin to supplant, common chords and arpeggios, as the harmonic, and to some extent also the melodic, mainstay of the musical language. But side by side with, or rather inseparably fused with, these idiomatic affinities with the opera, there are equally strong affinities with Beethoven, which manifest themselves in certain technical traits that lie much deeper and more concealed, but are nevertheless very marked.

The perfect fusion of these two main influences in the Piano Concerto is beautifully shown at the very beginning, where a cantabile tune in A flat is heard over a soft whirl of light and rapid but firm arpeggios—a theme and setting obviously deeply soaked in the memory of the opening of Beethoven's Piano Sonata in the same key, Op. 110, and clearly intended to re-

create in modern terms the identical lyrical effect. The modern terms are the harmonies of perfect fourths, carried over from the opera. Whereas Beethoven's arpeggios and broken chords are tonic and dominant triads and sevenths, Tippett's are of perfect fourths, running between the bass C and the A flat of the melody.

This actual harmony (C, F, B flat, E flat, A flat—which, it may be noticed embraces the common triad of A flat, with two additional notes) both begins and ends the movement, and is in effect its tonic chord, fulfilling the same consonant function here as the A flat triad in Beethoven's sonata. It embodies the harmonic essence of the whole movement, in which Tippett has hit upon the discovery of a new way of handling harmonies of fourths, a way of freeing them from the severe, stiff, mechanical, and often harsh effect that has always seemed inseparable from them, and making them almost as flexible as the triads they seek to replace, capable of a great variety of colour and the most delicate effect.

'Hit upon' must certainly be the expression for this process of discovery, which was entirely empirical, and of the significance of which Tippett is probably still not fully conscious, since he does not make consistent use of it in the later movements. In this half-conscious discovery lies the reward of his working on the Concerto at his natural slow speed, without which the style and language of the work could not have been what they are. Only by allowing himself the time he did for the ideas from his two original sources of inspiration to flow indivisibly together, could he have made this discovery, which is entirely the product of this union. In this discovery too lies Birmingham's reward for their generosity in accepting a work already begun. If they had insisted, they could probably have had a specially written new work of the calibre of the Corelli Fantasia, and been well satisfied with a first-rate article for their money. In the Piano Concerto they have a work of a rarer and more precious strain, not merely Tippett's most important work since the opera but one of the few examples of modern classicism that have no hint either of neo-classicism or of pastiche, a work comparable, in its combination of profound thought and weight of content with clear, simple, balanced, lyrical expression, to the work that inspired it, and one of the most original and exemplary contributions to the literature of the modern piano concerto and indeed of post-war symphonic music in general.

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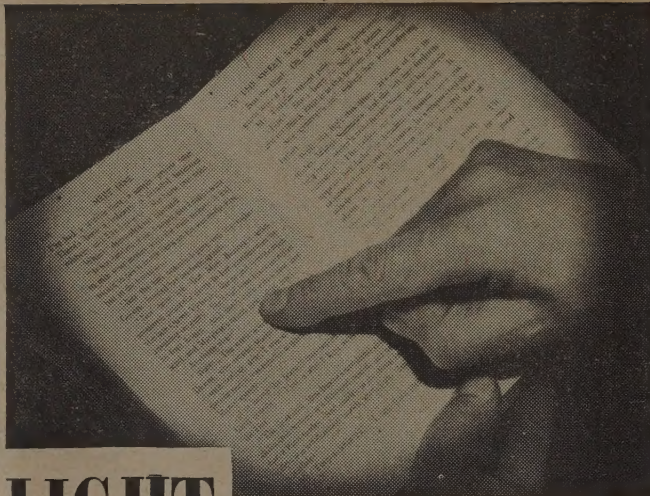
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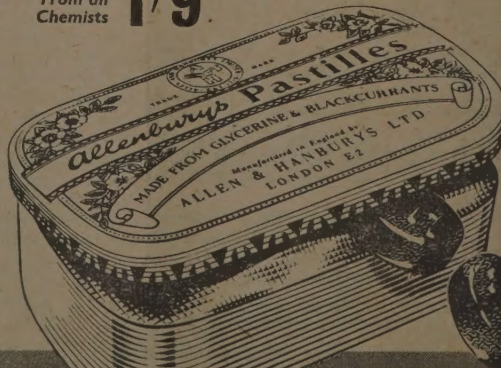
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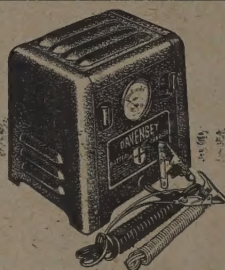
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